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THE WAR-MESSAGE;

HERALDED THROUGH THE LAND ON THE DAY FOLLOWING THE BATTLES OF LEXINGTON AND CONCORD BRIDGE, APRIL 19, 1775.

"Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds, on swift relays of horses, transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North and South, and East and West, throughout the land."—Bancroft's *History*.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN.

"Speed with the news!—with frantic speed
Spur, horseman, on your fiery steed,
Speed the war-message on;
Through towns and cities of the land,
Urge, urge with clattering hoofs your route;
Let each tall steeple sound alarms,
Let all the people fly to arms,
Pealing the battle-shout!
Tell that the first stout blow is dealt,
Tell that the first free blood is spilt,
Tell that the green of Lexington
Blushes with gore—that Concord Bridge
Is this day lost and won!"

Fast flew the heralds. Their reveille
Awoke each sleeper from his dream;
Red beacon-fires flashed o'er the hill,
And blazed o'er wood and stream;
Village to village sent the cry,
The backwoods to the sea replied;
The farmer left his panting team,
The fisher left the salt-sea tide,
And the swart smith forsook his toil
To mingle in the war's turmoil.

Far spread the summons—o'er the bays
Of Maine, where swift the Saco pours,
And where Penobscot laves its shores,
The larum sounds, the watch-fires blaze:
It breaks the hardy trapper's rest
Far o'er the white New Hampshire hills;
And, ringing like a bugle-note,
O'er the Green Mountain range it thrills;
Sweeps Northward o'er Canadian wilds,
Peals o'er St. Lawrence like a knell;
Till stern Quebec re-echoes back
The wild, the warning swell!

Fast, far it flies; the hills that skirt
The noble Hudson caught the wail,
And Southward, o'er Potomac's wave,
Sent the loud war-cry on the gale.
Fast o'er the Dismal Swamp it flew,
O'er Carolina's groves of green,
Till the lone settler caught the sound
Beyond Savannah's tide serene.
The Blue Ridge, vocal, spread the call
Through all its soft Virginian vale;
The Alleghanies, grand and tall,
Open'd their rocky barriers wide,
That through them might resound the wail
To sweep remote Ohio's tide,
And rouse the brave Kentucky men,
And hunters in the Elk-horn glen;
That each and all, by mount and flood,
Might know how valiantly had stood
The Northern men in battle field
—Had bled, had died, had scorned to yield.

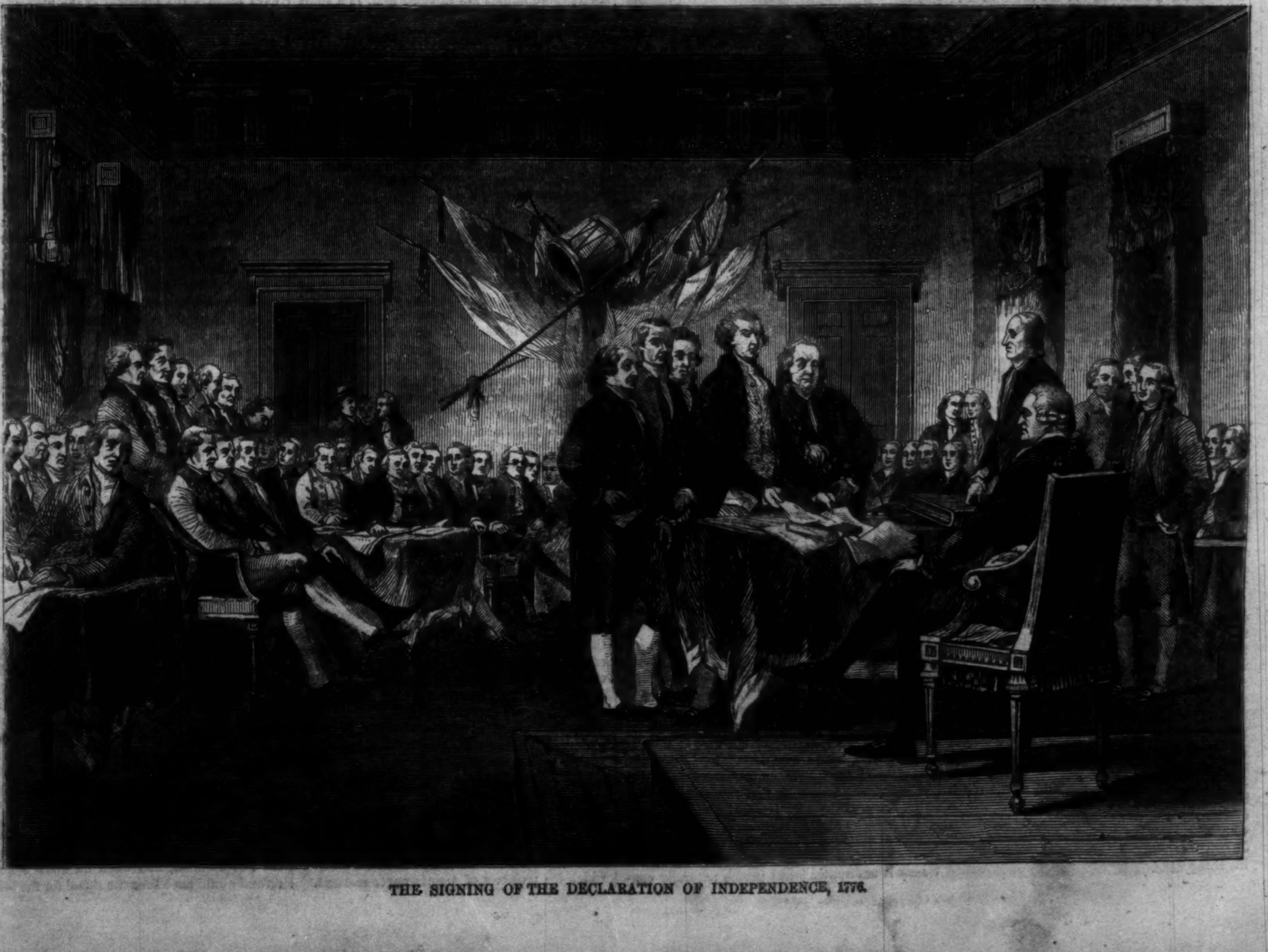
All sprang to arms. Throughout the land
The sledge on anvil rang a peal,
Where lusty armorers shaped the brand,
Or firelock, or the pike of steel.
All sprang to arms. Through village lanes,
'Mid the embowering groves, there shone
The flash of arms; there rang the strains
Of war, in music's martial tones;
And well they held, with sword and spear,
Through many a long and bloody year,
Their stern, victorious career.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The United States have never known so illustrious an assembly as that which adopted the Declaration of Independence. Most of the signers are known, by their portraits, throughout the country. We have, however, thought it well, for the better preservation of the features of those fathers of the country, to present our readers, on the occasion of this our national anniversary, with the subjoined picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which has been carefully drawn from reliable portraits, by the artist to whom the portrait department of this journal is especially committed. We need not suggest that such a picture as this is well worth preserving.

Two of the signers—Adams and Jefferson—became successively Presidents of the United States. Jefferson was comparatively a young man when the high duty devolved upon him to draft the Declaration; he had but just completed his thirty-third year. Adams was older—nearly forty-one. Both were men of the pen, not the sword. Diametrically opposed in all their instincts, they typified between them the spirit of the Revolution—Adams standing for the rugged old Puritan Republicans; Jefferson representing the more modern school of French Democrats. Both lived and learned much before they were rewarded with the highest honor the country could bestow. Adams waited twenty-one, Jefferson twenty-five years, for the Presidency. Both, as every one knows, died on the same day, and that day the 4th of July, 1826—one of the most striking historical coincidences on record.

Many other signers became, in their time, conspicuous pillars of the State they had so largely helped to found. William Whipple, of New Hampshire, was a prominent soldier of the Revolution in the campaign against Burgoyne. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, served as envoy to France, and died Vice-President of the United States. Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, was an active officer during the Revolution, and subsequently saw his son rise to the highest political office. Robert Morris sacrificed a princely fortune for the sake of the independence of the colonies, and died in abject poverty—a melancholy proof of the oft-remarked ingratitude of republics. Samuel Chase, of Maryland, served for fifteen years as Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, was serving with the army when Cornwallis was made prisoner. Thomas Heyward and Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, both fought during the war, and were made prisoners by the British.



THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, 1776.

Many others left names imperishable, though less prominently interwoven with the political history of the confederacy. The world will always be proud of Benjamin Franklin, the type of manly common sense. Samuel Adams will always be remembered as peculiarly a master mind, who unobtrusively stamped his opinions on the society in which he lived. Nor shall mankind ever forget generous, chivalric John Hancock, the very impersonation of high-souled enthusiasm for liberty and dauntless courage. Richard Henry Lee well deserves the honors his countrymen are now proudly paying to his memory.

All the signers either were eminent at the time they signed the Declaration or rose to eminence afterward. A few, like Charles Carroll, Arthur Middleton, Rutledge, and others, had but little to gain from political station, and rather accepted it as a duty than sought it as a prize. All who lived, and did not prefer obscurity, were rewarded by their countrymen with posts of honor and trust. Most of them lived to great ages. Four—John Adams, Ellery, Lewis, and Carroll—lived past the age of ninety. Ten lived beyond eighty. There were but five out of the whole number who did not live to see their fiftieth year; and of these, one—Gwinnett, of Georgia—was killed in a duel; and another—Lynch, of South Carolina—was lost in a vessel which sailed a few months after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. They were all, as their act indicates, men of robust minds; and, as we so often find it, their mental strength was coupled with corresponding physical vigor.

The inveterate Know-Nothing may regret to know that eight signers of the Declaration of Independence were born in Great Britain. It may be urged, however, in apology for them, that at the time of their birth the United States were as much a part of the dominions of the British King as the British islands themselves. Had it been otherwise, and had the option been offered to these unfortunate persons, they would doubtless have elected to have seen the light on this side the Atlantic. For the rest, Massachusetts bears the palm among the States as the largest producer of signers, having contributed ten members to the Congress. Virginia follows, owning nine signers. Maryland comes next, as the birth-place of five. Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina, each contributed four; Delaware and New York, three each; little Rhode Island sent two; while no native of North Carolina, New Hampshire, or Georgia, was present.

It is sad to think that, while the country has made such progress in wealth and prosperity, so little has been done toward enlisting the aid of Art for the perpetuation of the memory of these men. In a few years, unless Trumbull's picture be regularly reproduced, their features and their appearance may be as much matter of controversy as those of the founders of the old colonies. What a worthy act it would be for so rich a city as New York to give an order to some half-dozen American sculptors to execute statues, or at least busts, of these fifty-six patriots! How noble an ornament it would be for the new City Hall! How paltry the expense, in comparison with the credit the work would reflect on the city!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 3, 1858.

MORE TROUBLE IN MEXICO.

THE news from Mexico is much more alarming to the lover of peace than that from Great Britain. It seems that the present Government of Mexico, which is the offspring of the clerical cabal against the liberal and wise Government of Comonfort, no sooner accepted office than it fell a prey to the pecuniary embarrassment which had proved the ruin of its predecessor. Comonfort had vainly endeavored to save himself by relieving the Church of a portion of its exorbitant wealth. Zuloaga had been raised to power by the priests; he could not decently plunder them; nor would they, it appears, come forward voluntarily and surrender a part of their means for the sake of maintaining a Government which would have sustained them in possession of the rest. Driven to the wall by want of money, Zuloaga resorted to the only scheme which offered a prospect of speedy relief; he proclaimed a forced levy on the property of all residents, foreigners as well as natives. When the proclamation was issued, Mr. Forsyth, United States Minister to Mexico, very properly protested against the application of the levy to property owned by citizens of the United States. The protest has been disregarded, property of United States citizens seized, and Mr. Forsyth, as in duty bound, has demanded and obtained his passports. Thus, for the present, diplomatic intercourse has ceased between the United States and Mexico.

The incident would be graver if there were a clear prospect of the continuance in power of the Zuloaga Government. Simultaneously with the intelligence of the late rupture, however, we learn that President Zuloaga is seeking a safe exile, and that Juarez, the leader of the anti-Church or liberal party, is in a fair way to become the master of the State. The United States are thus estopped, for the present, from taking energetic measures to vindicate the propriety of Mr. Forsyth's course. Before a United States ship of war could arrive at Vera Cruz, it is likely that the offending Government may be overthrown and destroyed. We could hardly, with any show of generosity, demand from Juarez indemnity for an injury committed by his antagonists.

At the same time it is gravely to be regretted that citizens of the United States should be so constant sufferers by the turmoils and uncertainties of Mexican political troubles. Much American money was invested in Mexican enterprises on the faith of pledges of the Santa Anna Government; these pledges were not necessarily binding on Comonfort. In like manner, the contracts made by the Comonfort Government have not been universally assumed by the Zuloaga party; nor is there any reason to suppose that the next faction which obtains power will be more scrupulously tender of the public faith than its predecessors. Indeed, the most practical effect of the several Mexican revolutions has been the injury they inflicted on American capitalists who had invested money in that country. To the Mexican people, a change of government has been almost nominal; to foreigners, it has implied a forced termination of all government contracts, and a practical repudiation of all government pledges. This injury has now been surpassed by the Zuloaga outrage. Not only have American citizens been made to feel that they had no security in dealing with any Mexican Government, but they have now learned that, unless their own Government protect them, they are exposed to spoliation whenever any Mexican ruler may need money.

There are grave objections to every scheme that has been suggested for the settlement of the Mexican difficulty. Senator Houston's protectorate project is excellent in its way; but it is evident that the United States can not march into Mexico and establish a protectorate over the country without a good pretext—either a plausible ground for war, or an unequivocal demand for protection from the Mexican people. And even if either of these pretexts were provided—a contingency of which there is no immediate prospect—it would still be no easy matter to persuade the people of the United States to undertake the conquest of Mexico. There exists, happily, among the American people, a profound aversion for foreign wars, and a decided distrust of the policy of foreign conquests. However the Mexicans behaved, it would need some argument to satisfy the nation that it was best for us to conquer Mexico. The rank and file of this nation have no idea of getting into the position of the man who received the present of the elephant. They are confirmed in their view by the memorable spectacle of England's troubles in India.

In a word, the Mexican troubles are very embarrassing and very annoying; but no cure for them has yet been suggested. When Mr. Forsyth comes home, we shall have to send some one else out in his place; for what is the use of bickering with a nation which we don't want to fight, and from which it would be a farce to demand an indemnity?

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

On the day that this paper is laid before the public it is calculated that the United States steamship *Niagara* will be within twenty-four hours' sail of her destination at Newfoundland, with one end of the telegraphic cable on board. The sailing orders of the telegraphic fleet are such that the chances are largely in favor of the arrival of the *Niagara* at Newfoundland with or without a continuous transatlantic wire, or if with a wire, with or without telegraphic communication.

According to the rule of contraries which governs sublunary affairs, the Atlantic telegraph ought this year to be a success. Last year every body believed that it would be successful, and it failed; this year every body seems prepared for a failure, and it may be a success. We are bound to say, however, that, judging from the experiments which have been made, there yet remains a large margin for accident and disaster.

It has never been ascertained that it is possible to transmit the telegraphic spark through two thousand miles of submerged wire. Mr. Hughes has been able, by the use of a new and ingenious machine, to telegraph successfully through over two thousand miles of continuous wire on land; but the very simple expedient of submerging this wire in some shallow bay on the British coast, and experimenting upon it while submerged does not seem to have occurred to any one. It may happen therefore that the wire may be laid, and both ships may arrive, and yet that it may be impossible—through some conducting influence of the ocean—to transmit the spark from Newfoundland to Ireland. This, of course, is a mere conjectural difficulty. Submarine submersion has been found not to interfere with the working of a wire two or three hundred miles long; and men of science assert that it will be equally harmless on a wire ten times that length. But the experiment remains to be tested.

Nothing has yet been done practically to counteract the tendency of the wire to snap in a heavy sea. The experiment lately made in the Bay of Biscay rather confirmed than dispelled the apprehensions of this danger. On that occasion the wire snapped almost as soon as the work of laying it commenced in earnest. True, it is said that this was an old wire, whose strength was impaired. But the fact that it did snap is undisputed; and people naturally conclude that what happened once may happen again.

That the machinery is superior to that used last year is undisputed; but mere superiority to machinery which was unquestionably and glaringly defective, does not necessarily imply perfection or even efficiency. It remains to be seen whether the brakes will answer their purpose, and whether the contrivances devised to regulate the strain, and render it uniform will prove as suitable as is anticipated. The *Herald* suggests a doubt of the capacity of Mr. Bright, who is in charge of the operation of laying the cable on the *Agamemnon*. Grave charges have been brought against Mr. Bright by persons connected with last year's expedition; it is to be hoped that the directors of the Company have not allowed nepotism or wealth to influence their selection of an engineer.

Altogether, the margin for failure is large. The cable may break; and, as the late experiment proves, it may be impossible to recover it. Or, without breaking, it may refuse to transmit the telegraphic spark. Or the *Niagara* may arrive at Newfoundland and the *Agamemnon* at Valentia, each with an end of the wire, and, no signals being transmissible, it may be impossible to say whether the wire has snapped or the current been diverted. All these contingencies are not only possible but probable.

Let us hope that they may never become realities. The possibility of submarine telegraphic communication has been demonstrated. Cables have been successfully laid across the British Channel, the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea. There is no scientific reason why a telegraphic cable should not be as safely laid under 1600 as 200 miles of sea. The difficulty naturally increases in proportion to the length of the cable—that is all. The possibility remains the same.

Let us make up our minds that, if this attempt to lay the telegraphic cable fails, it shall be renewed next year. The British Government has done its share nobly—three of the four vessels composing the telegraph squadron are English. It will probably not weary of the work. But it would do credit to Mr. Buchanan and to Congress, if, should the present endeavor fail, the attempt to lay the cable next year were renewed with at least as many United States as British vessels.

ANOTHER EL DORADO.

The accounts from the newly-discovered gold regions in the possessions of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the Pacific shores of this continent, are calculated to create quite a revolution. It is stated by persons who are said to be worthy of reliance, that the indications of gold on the streams flowing into the Gulf of Georgia, promise a yield even richer than any thing ever produced by California or Australia. Experienced Californian miners are satisfied that, in a short time, Vancouver's Island and the vicinity will be the seat of a State as populous and as prosperous as California. Several thousand persons have already set off for the diggings, and others are only waiting for the confirmation of the reports to follow their example.

A passing cloud has for a time obscured the prospect. The Hudson's Bay Company's Governor on Vancouver's Island has closed Frazer's River, and the other streams which are supposed to be auriferous, not only to foreigners but to British subjects. He wants to keep all the gold for his Company. This is like trying to dam Niagara with a willow switch. Governor Douglas could no more keep gold-diggers out of his territory than he could prevent fish from swimming up the streams. The chances are that he is aware of the fact, and that, having fired off his proclamation, he will wisely shut his eyes to violations thereof. If he does not, he may find himself in an awkward predicament. The representative of an obsolete and moribund corporation, he is not likely to be handled with extraordinary tenderness either by his own countrymen or by ours.

If the reports of gold discoveries on the streams flowing into the Gulf of Georgia are confirmed, a new future is opening for British North America. No part of this continent enjoys a nobler climate than the shore of the Columbia, Vancouver's Island, and the adjacent parts of the main land. The soil is good, and well watered. Judicious husbandry would be quite as profitable there as in Oregon. Vancouver's Island contains coal; iron and copper also abound in the neighboring region. For trade there is not a part of the Pacific coast more happily situate; if it be true, as is stated, that the Japanese have resolved to cultivate commercial relations with the world, the mouth of the Columbia would naturally enjoy considerable intercourse with them.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since that wise and far-sighted man, John Jacob Astor, projected the establishment of a great State near the recently-discovered gold fields. His sagacious mind grasped the capacities of the site. Accident defeated his schemes, and they have lain dormant for nearly fifty years. If the late intelligence from Frazer's River be reliable, those who read these lines will witness their accomplishment, to an extent and in a manner which the projector of Astoria never realized.

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST.

Many lives, and some twenty millions' worth of property of various kinds, are said to have been destroyed by the floods which have taken place on the Mississippi and its confluents this spring. From New Orleans to the upper waters of the Father of Rivers the story is the same—the papers are full of accounts of crevasses, overflows, inundations, and towns, villages, farm-houses, crops, and railways submerged.

When, a couple of years since, a similar accident, though on an humbler scale, took place in the south of France, the Emperor appointed a commission of scientific men to inquire into the facts and propose a remedy. He is an engineer himself of no mean capacity. He visited the locality in person, and made many excellent suggestions. It is believed that the labors of the commission resulted in the adoption of a plan by which the damage done by future inundations is likely to be materially lessened.

It could do no harm to follow the example here. There can be no question of the constitutional duty of the federal Executive to devote attention to a class of casualties which interfere gravely with the internal commerce and postal communications of the country. It would be competent for the President to direct three or four of the ablest engineer officers to spend some weeks at the scene of the recent inundations, and to report on the best means of guarding against future crevasses and inundations. The several States interested might find it to their advantage to institute special inquiries with the same general object.

To stop freshets, and dam up the torrents by which the spring thaws swell our great rivers, is beyond the power of man. But there is no reason why the levees on the Mississippi should give way every few years, or why property of immense value should be exposed to destruction by periodically recurring accidents of this character. A hundred thousand dollars judiciously spent in scientific surveys and engineering works may be the means of saving future millions.

THE HUMILIATION OF NAPLES.

Probably every reader of this journal is aware that there is in the southern part of Italy a kingdom of the Two Sicilies of which Naples is the capital and core. Very few are ignorant of the fact that this kingdom has been, by Divine Providence, so cruelly visited of late that even the heart of a stone might have been melted by the recital of the disasters it has suffered. Earthquakes, slaughtering and impoverishing tens of thousands; volcanic eruptions, burying fair fields under a winding-sheet of lava; rebellions, destroying trade and industry; robberies, effacing the last trace of security for person or property—such are a few of the troubles which have befallen the kingdom of the Two Sicilies within the memory of all who read these lines.

The superstitious mind will naturally infer that these extraordinary sufferings were the punishment duly meted out by a just Providence for specific wrongs done by Naples. The man of common sense will argue that, whatever may have caused the disasters, it is the imperative duty of all who have power in their hands at Naples so to exercise it, at this severe crisis, that the hand of man shall weigh lightly on those who have felt so severely the hand of God.

The world contains no tyranny like unto that of the Jesuit ruler of the Neapolitans. It has been but a small part of his office to render life and property dependent on his will. Refinements of cruelty worthy of the most exaggerated Protestant theories of the Inquisition have been, and are daily, perpetrated on the subjects of the King of Naples. In the Two Sicilies murder, robbery, rape, every known crime, are venial when committed by a friend of the Crown or the Jesuits. The plain citizen can be sure neither of redress for injuries inflicted by his neighbor nor of any protection against the enormous tyranny of his superiors. Save in one case only—treason against the King—the laws are either silent or uncertain.

The reader will, therefore, be not displeased to hear that this abominable government has been lately humiliated by Great Britain. A few months ago a number of Neapolitans, goaded to desperation, attempted an unsuccessful rising against the government. They chartered a steamer—the *Cagliari*—on board of which were two English engineers. These men were entirely unconscious of the object of the voyage. Nevertheless, when the enterprise failed, and the conspirators were captured, the English engineers were seized with the others, thrust into loathsome dungeons, and so barbarously maltreated that one lost his reason, the other his health. For some weeks Great Britain has been representing the hardship of their case to the Neapolitan Government. Under the Palmerston ministry the negotiation made but little progress. The Derby government, by a judicious exercise of firmness, have done better. The engineers have been released, and have obtained from the Neapolitan Government a handsome indemnity for their sufferings. The King agreed to this measure of justice only at the last moment, and when he knew that his refusal would have been the signal for the blockade of Naples. One can not help rejoicing over his humiliation, just as one is glad to hear of any bully being well whipped. But perhaps it would have been better for the cause of liberty in Europe if King Bomba had persevered in his obstinacy, and driven the English and Sardinians to fight him in earnest.

THE LOUNGER.

A LONG LETTER.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, *June*, 1858.

MY DEAR LOUNGER,—Because you and I are upon the best private terms, I do not see why I should not write you a public letter. In fact, when I am writing to you I seem almost to be speaking to myself; and, by the same rule, you ought to have a peculiar interest in my letters. As I read your little paragraphs from week to week I feel as if I were reading my own opinions, so intimate is our sympathy and so true our friendship; and if I sometimes wish that you spoke out a little more plainly upon public matters about which men differ, I have but to reflect a moment, and then I am sure I see it as you do, and entirely appreciate your reasons. However, I promised to write you a public letter, and I fancy our great friend, the Public, cares very little about our private relations. I remember you once said to me, "The Public is a ——; but you must never let it know you think so!"

I left town by the mid-day train on the Hudson River road for Albany; and every body who can should certainly start upon their summer-trips from the 15th to the 20th of June. "Then, if ever, come perfect days," sings Lowell, and the poet could not have told a more accurate truth had he been his co-Professor Peirce, demonstrating upon the blackboard. I doubt if there is any railroad in the world upon which the scenery is lovelier than on the Hudson. The variety of shore—from the steep Palisades, under which lie buried the emeralds and precious stones, as related by the veracious and erudite Sparrowgrass—the gradual green slopes of the Tappan Sea—the bolder beginnings of the Highlands on Haverstraw Bay, rising and rising until they culminate in Cro'-nest, and falling suddenly away from the verdurous precipices of Butterhill (the Storm-King of Willis, and the But-a-hill of jealous other-siders) into the open bay of Newburgh, with that little inland city, crowned with the profile of a temple-porch—then winding, with quiet monotony, until the Catskills, a little withdrawn into tender silvery distance, satisfy the eye and the imagination with a sense of real mountains.

The day was hot and dusty. But the air was so calm that the river lay a green oily gleam under the Palisades, pierced and shot through and through with the faintly shimmering reflections of the shores covered with the lazy sloops, whose great white sails seemed fascinated with their own languid images below. The foliage was fresh, and full of that tufted richness which is peculiar to the English landscape, and the innumerable houses and towns with the gardens and terraces and villa-cultivation, impress you with a feeling of thrifty, comfortable life, which can not be mistaken.

I was rather surprised not to see your friend Hog in the car; for I seldom travel any where without meeting some of the family. I presume he was farther forward. There was, however, one of those victims of travel who always excite my profoundest sympathy. It was a mother with three children, each apparently younger than the others, and with "a slip of a girl" as nurse. It was, as I said, hot and dusty, and the three children roared in concert. The rattling echo of the cars was so great that it was only when we "slacked up" that I *heard* them; but I *saw* them, with their choral mouths stretched wide open, all the time. It proved, certainly, that the sole pleasure of crying is not the noise. You know it is a question whether a man would enjoy his cigar in a high wind and a pitch-dark night combined—whether, in fact, the pleasure is not mainly in seeing the smoke. But the kindred speculation about crying was, as you see, solved at once. I say I pity the poor mothers under such circumstances—for they, of course, know better than any one how annoyed the passengers are; and, better than any body, they know how impossible it is to stop the noise. Scolding, pinching, sitting down hard, slapping—all merely aggravate the difficulty; and every moment the poor child gets more feverish and hysterical. In this instance the mother, with the hard, sad face, so often seen in women who have almost more than they can bear, sat as quietly as she could, only betraying her feelings by the energetic way in which she "hauled" the children about. Presently two of them fell asleep, and the third whimpered into silence as it looked out upon the river—but the face of the mother was unmoved: she sat like a statue.

Nearer me sat two gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves, who were very severe upon clerks.

"Clerks are a great nuisance!" said A.

"Certainly they are," replied B; "no young chap thinks he can do any thing for less than a thousand dollars a year."

"And then they don't do it," suggested A, with gravity.

"Salaries, Mr. A, is much too high. There ain't no business doin' up in our place, but nobody's willin' to take any less."

"A dollar a day," said Mr. A, "is quite high enough wages. Every body is overpaid."

"Yes," put in B, as a clencher; "we pay twenty-five thousand dollars a year to the President. If we paid two thousand it would be better for us."

This was the way the heat came out in conversation, as it came out upon the baby's neck, in a little rash. In both cases it was an ill-humor, I thought.

At a little after five we were at Albany. I went up the steep hill to Congress Hall, which looked cool and quiet under the trees. Albany had cast the slough of the Assembly; and, by contrast, was really delightful. As I strolled about in the pleasant evening, people sat at their doors and upon the sidewalks, holding their babies at the windows, and fanning themselves on balconies in rocking-chairs; boys were playing in the street; laborers coming home by dozens, in wagons, their tin-kettles clinking. The handsome houses on the broad street beyond Congress Hall stood a little withdrawn, in dense foliage, and through the open windows stole the sound of pianos and guitars. There was an air of universal repose—of the sweet tranquillity that succeeds a night-mare; and I asked myself, What has this unhappy city done in past ages that it must have a lobbying Legislature, a swarm of eager, unprincipled, scheming, miserable politicians spinning their noisome web about its very heart for a hundred days in every year, when the Dutch blood upon these steep hills ought to secure sleepy peace forever?

Don't misunderstand me, and think that I mean to insinuate that clean hands must not touch politics because politics are dirty. Quite the contrary. Until honest men sacrifice their tastes and inclinations, and take hold in earnest, politics will continue to be a synonym of dishonesty and dirt. As long as intelligent and able men let the pot-houses govern, so long we shall have a pot-house government. And this is true of all parties. There is none of them that has not an unnecessary faith in meanness.

Poor Albany! I shall never forget how happy and relieved it looked, that soft summer evening!

I was off the next morning by the "Central," up the lovely valley of the Mohawk. We ran along the river-meadows, and under the heavy-foliaged hills—among the young rye and wheat, and the sprouting corn and potatoes, and the brilliant yellow patches, which wise men in the cars called "the blow of mustard." The rounded hills were beautifully covered with groves, and grain patches lay bright between. The fields were full of men hoeing, planting, and plowing. The opulent woods through which we continually darted were mainly oaks, chestnuts, walnuts, and birch, with sometimes the white maple, cornel, willows, and soft sassafras. So bright, and beautiful, and rich the landscape seemed—the fields were so fertile, the homesteads so comfortable, there was such ample space, such busy, hammering towns—such freedom from passports, officers, and customs—and every where the church and the school-house, that I remembered Italy and remoter lands without a sigh of regret, but with one of sympathy and pity.

At nine o'clock we reached the Suspension Bridge. It was almost the longest day of the year, and the twilight was blending with the moonlight, as we crept, very tenderly, over the wires, and swung four or five hundred feet over the foaming rapids. The night was perfectly still; the young moon entirely clear; the jar of our own motion filled my ears; but far up the stream, between the high black blanks, I saw a white vapor—a luminous cloud. In a few moments we stopped in another country, and, jumping into an omnibus, drove along the edge of the precipice, toward the luminous cloud, and stopping suddenly before a great building full of lights, and surrounded with balconies, from which groups of people were leaning, looking down at us, we stepped out of the omnibus into the spray of Niagara—which falls like a slight shower of dew at the door of the Clifton.

I think it is Willis—whose sketches of travel at home and abroad are among the most delightful in literature—who says that your second visit to Niagara must be made at the Clifton. It is not my second, nor even my third, but it is my first (but shall not be, if I can help it, the last) at this house. It is built in a right angle, the two outer sides full in view of the cataract, and the inner surrounding a garden, which is kept green by the spray of the fall, and is at this moment full of roses and lilies. Fronting this garden is a range of cottages, and the Casino, a spacious hall for music and dancing, and billiard-rooms and bowling-alleys. The whole place has a domestic air of comfort, is thoroughly neat and clean, and is none the less agreeable because so large a part of the guests are Canadians. At this moment the Speaker of the Assembly and many of the members are here. You get English shillings and half-penny tokens in change. You see square-toed boots and shoes—offensively square, as if to mock and defy the Gallic roundness of your own boot-toes. You behold those checked trowsers, waistcoats, and coats, which I have seen on the Hartz Mountains—in the shadow of Mont Blanc—in the streets of Pompeii and on the top of the Pyramids. Will no philosopher explain the passion of the English mind for checked clothes? Last evening I contemplated an impromptu polka in the parlor. I shall not call it another British outrage; I merely express an opinion that Terpsichore is not an English muse.

You can not be long with the Canadians without disembarrassing your mind of any theories of annexation. They are more English than the English. Loyalty is almost always in the inverse ratio of neighborhood to the central government; and the very fact of separation from the mother country and the immediate vicinity of a rival power, deepens colonial loyalty into enthusiasm. I can almost toss a stone across the river to my native land, but I seem as far away from it as if I were in Malta. Even the English accent appears to be more pronounced than elsewhere. It is well worth the while of any one who has not been in Europe to cross the bridge and pass a day or two on this side. He will find that he has suddenly traveled abroad. He will find also a bluff, blithe heartiness in the Canadians which contrasts not unpleasantly with the tragically anxious demeanor of some of our beloved fellow-countrymen.

I have encountered many parties of these last, evidently undergoing their annual tour of pleasure. They sit resolutely in the cars all day long with the blinds drawn, powdered and aggravated by the clouds of dust—desperately shaking it off the flabby drilling dusters—panting in the intolerable heat—pulling out their watches—studying the Railroad Guides—reading every word of the small bills of dining saloons and cheap hotels which are profusely distributed in the cars—running their heads out of the windows at every stop—and catching little hot naps, as we tear along. Arrived at the end of the day's journey, they rush in swarms to see who shall be first to enter his name upon the Hotel Register,—wait, in dust and perspiring impatience, the arrival of their luggage—wash their faces and hands, and hurry down to the national beef-steak and coffee—pay the waiter to bring something that can be eaten—smoke a cigar, drink a little brandy and water, and go to bed to be thumped up at four o'clock in the morning to commence another day of summer recreation. I had a young friend who was sadly bald—shiningly bald: and a little naughty girl, after surveying his smooth head in speechless wonder for several minutes, at length inquired with fearful distinctness, before a large company, "How did you do it?" With the same spirit of wonder I am tempted to ask my dusty fellow-travelers, who have left coolness, comfort, and home behind—"*Why* did you do it?"

I must not omit one thing about the Clifton House, which is not in its favor—the table is very bad, the attendance very poor. The latter, however, like the old gentleman's tea, is "good enough, what there is of it." But I tried an experiment here, on the first day, for the first and last time in my traveling life. *I did not fee any waiter.* Mark my words, O Lounger, and avoid my fate. The great struggle of dinner commenced (it was Sunday) at two o'clock. The guests were drawn up (or down) four deep. Near me sat a party of four—two young ladies, and two gentlemen of such mustaches and cravats, that I saw in a moment they had *not* omitted to fee Ganymede, and so instantly gave myself up for lost. I made all the haste I could, but I was at the extremity of Ganymede's beat, and he had about three times as many people to serve as he could possibly have minded had he been impartial in his care. But I beheld the cravatted party engaged with the roast, while I was struggling, not with, but for, soup. Fish went by default. I cried aloud for "beef well-done." I waited long enough for the butcher to do his office, and then arrived a lump of something, such as Bruce may have seen cut from the living Abyssinian kine. I glanced at my neighbors—they were just routing the ice-cream, and skirmishing with an advance of nuts and raisins. I charged at a sweet-bread, but was repulsed. By a strategic movement I seized some macaroni, but before I could be supported by a reserve of bread, the grinning Ganymede was bowing out the mustaches and cravats—corking the remainder of their wine, and brushing away their crumbs, piling up their plates, like trophies of a well-fought field, while they, picking their teeth, and their very backs betraying the nervous consciousness with which people leave a public dining-room, they moved away. I remained upon the field, but the enemy had disappeared. I fell back upon some white slop which proved to be the remains of ice-cream, and at the end of an engagement of an hour in which I had been worsted at every point, I withdrew, a hungrier and a wiser man. Spare your money, my Lounger, and spoil your dinner. Even though traveling in heat and dust for recreation, one must eat; and whoever would eat, must fee the waiter. The melancholy part of it was, that I had resolved to reward Ganymede if he did well. But I presumed too much upon "poor human nature." My consolation was an old one: if I could not get any dinner to eat, it was not worth the eating.

Somehow I forgot it all at evening, when the moon hung over the Falls. On the lower piazza sat gentlemen in arm chairs facing the splendid spectacle, and smoking. Along the upper piazza strolled a few pairs of lovers, whispering, and leaning over the balcony; and groups were sitting and moving upon the edge of the cliff. Father Hennepin who saw the Falls—the first of white men—enjoyed some advantages. He was not invited wherever he turned, to "Have a carriage, Sir—for the battle-ground, Sir?" or to "take a little drive, Sir?" or to "ride round, Sir," or to "remember the blind man, Sir, and look through his glass;" nor, like me, was he caught looking over a fence at some wolves chained to kennels, and when an obsequious gentleman stepped out briskly and said, "I think you've not stepped round to see the wild animals, Sir—the live buffaloes, Sir," was the good father compelled, like me, to say feebly, as he skulked away, "No, I believe not, to-day." To-day, indeed! as if I intended to call and see them the very first thing in the morning!

—There, what a letter! and I observe you always cut down your correspondents to the fewest words! I suppose you will hardly think of printing it all. And yet if you did, you might go play for a week, for I should have done your work for you. Now that I am started, I shall scarcely stop short of the Mississippi, scouring over the June prairies, skirting Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Virginia on my homeward way. Measured by rapidity of travel, which is the only just measure of extent in these days, the country will be no larger when we are settled to the Pacific than it was when we touched the Mississippi.

Perhaps, if this does not overwhelm you, I shall write again. Yours, dear Chang,

ENG.

The Lounger gratefully accepts his friend's offer to do his work for him this week, quite sure that it will be as well done as if he did it himself.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"BOSTON, *June* —, —

"DEAR LOUNGER,—In *Harper's* for this week I see a flippant bit of scandal, copied from a London paper, touching the editor of *Household Words*, Mr. Charles Dickens. Now, dear butterfly, as you rove from flower to flower, and cunningly steal the secrets of each, can you tell me if this report be true, or merely one of the regular rumors concerning that honored name? And if it indeed be correct, should we not rather sorrow and cover our eyes from the nakedness of our author-friend, than mock and jeer at his misfortune or his fall, as the case may be? I candidly confess for myself that I would prefer to hear my own name in connection with such a rumor than that of him who has made me laugh and cry so often—who has taught me so much of human sympathy and human brotherhood. I sincerely trust that you, whose smiling philosophy and kind moralizing are as familiar in my own home as "household words," may be able to rescue a reputation which at least '*Musa vetat mori.*'

Truly yours,

"G. H. L."

—G. H. L. will have read, ere this, the manly explanation which Dickens has given of the great sorrow which has befallen him. Pity, you who love him.

ST. ALBANS, 21*st June*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I am indignant! There has been another 'awful explosion' and 'fearful loss of life' on that horrid Mississippi—the steamer *Pennsylvania* a perfect wreck, and nobody knows how many persons were killed, and all because 'there was not water enough in the boiler,' as there should have been. *Why* was there not? and if that was the whole cause of the disaster, whose fault was it? And if it was the fault of the fireman or engineer, they ought to suffer. I think the carelessness of such mechanics is perfectly appalling.

"I must say I congratulate myself on living in the quiet, steady, conscientious State of Vermont, where we don't have steamboat explosions, or bridge break-downs, or riots, or rows, or any other such horrible abominations; but where people mind their own business, and railway and steamboat companies don't run a competition in smashing or exploding their unfortunate passengers. It is a sin and a shame, nay, a *disgrace* to the country, that such criminal carelessness should be so leniently and *philanthropically* (?) excused—on the plea, I suppose, that accidents will happen to the best of folks, and the worst, too.

"Well, although I have little interest in the matter, yet still I *can not* help feeling some compassion for the poor ill-starred beings who suffer by these 'accidents.' Who knows, or can estimate the suffering and privations caused by them? Who can appreciate the depth of wretchedness in the hearts of the childless parents, the widowed husbands and wives, made so, perhaps, 'because there was not water enough in the boiler!' Indeed those words might do for a fitting text for the appeal which ought to be made to the sympathies of the people, that our beloved country may not be called upon to witness every little while such harrowing scenes of suffering and torture. I say that it ought to make the blood of every honest man and woman in the country *boil* with indignation, and shame, and compassion for the sufferers. *My* wish is that every steamboat or railway company which is unprincipled enough to leave such careless officials unpunished may be ruined—at least until they can learn to value the lives of their fellow-creatures as well as their money, which is a *high* estimate. You will bear with my fervor, Mr. Lounger, because it is *honest* and heartfelt; and if my words might waken a sympathetic feeling in any of your numerous readers, it would be the greatest delight to me.

"We are not Chinese here in America, and can not afford to lose, every now and then, from ten to fifty precious human lives, and be indifferent to it. Ah! if people would only pause before they act, how much less distress and suffering would fill the country, and wring the hearts of all who have *human feeling*! Perhaps, Mr. Lounger, my compassion outstrips my reason, and I may be looking at things in an exaggerated light. If so, I shall be only *too happy* to stand corrected.

"Here where I live, among the blue mountains and verdant slopes of the lovely Valley of Champlain, where all is quiet, innocent, healthful, and elevating (if one's *own* soul is pure), I read with wonder and deprecating astonishment of the noisy and headlong rush of the world beyond, and can hardly comprehend how they exist in such a furious hurry. Do you like a beautiful landscape, Mr. Lounger? with the greenest, most flourishing trees and richest grass, with lofty mountain, a spreading lake, innumerable islands and hills of all descriptions, from the gentlest slope to the ruggedest precipice? Then you ought to come *here*. I have been so happy all day in the congenial companionship of our mother Nature, that the fearful news of the loss of the *Pennsylvania* made a double impression on me, and I thought you might be as lenient and good-natured to me as to your other amiable correspondents, 'V. de V.' (does that stand for Virginia de Vere?), and 'Ethelinda,' and 'Mrs. Nancy Dobley,' etc.

HORTENSIA."

—Our fair correspondent is right. We are too prodigal of travelers' lives in this country, as is proved by the statistical returns of railway and steamboat accidents in foreign countries. But what are we to do? Accidents are fearfully expensive luxuries for railways and steamers, as the New Haven Railroad is ready to certify. If self-interest will not insure caution on the part of these corporations, what will? Would it be constitutional to adopt *Punch's* hint, and tie a Director upon each locomotive and steam valve?

"MR. LOUNGER,—I have a statement to make, and a favor to ask. First the statement:

"We have three pianos in our house. Arabella, who, being a young lady, may without exaggeration be called a fair performer, plays one or other of these instruments daily from eight o'clock A.M. till half past ten P.M., with two slight intermissions for dinner and tea. To which I do not object, as she plays with much agility (I am not a musical man, but suppose this is the proper term for extreme rapidity and continuity of musical action), and as she furthermore abates entirely the hurdy-gurdy nuisance in our neighborhood—the worthy Italian who played for our block having retired in disgust.

"But latterly Arabella has extended her evening music hours. Now I am an old fogy (I admit it freely), and like to get into my night-cap and into the arms of Morpheus at the regular hour of half past ten. When, therefore, Arabella, some nights ago, for the fourth or fifth time, played until within a few minutes of twelve, I was kept awake, and the following morning ventured upon a gentle remonstrance, observing to her that though I liked music, I did not hanker after it after 11 P.M. Whereupon Arabella called me a Brute.

"Now for the favor. Will you not say to my young lady that there is such a thing as running even a good thing into the ground? And that the person who does so may justly be called a bore? Also will you please state, for the information of Arabella and other young ladies, how many hours per day can be profitably devoted to the piano? And at what hour all nice young ladies ought to shut up that instrument? Your compliance will oblige, Yours, respectfully, A BRUTE."

—This is a very delicate subject, trenching upon the constitutional rights of the American female. The Lounger will therefore defer his reply till he has had time to consult a few of the soundest constitutional lawyers in the city. Meanwhile, a vigorous use of the *cornet-à-piston* after midnight might afford "A BRUTE" consolation if not relief.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

Below the reader will find an engraving (from a photograph by Broadbent, of Philadelphia) of the famous building known as Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It is now used for a variety of legal and other vile uses. It stands nearly in the centre of the great city of Philadelphia, with buildings surrounding it on all sides. People pass it every day with no more emotion than if it were a common lager-bier saloon—as Penn's house is. Lawyers gabble in its courts and on its steps, and occasionally people are fleeced within sight of its walls. On the broad pavement in front a large section of the business public of Philadelphia meet daily; but whether a tithe of them are aware of the history of the spot, it were difficult to say. Residents of Castellamare sleep soundly while Vesuvius is in eruption; our Philadelphian neighbors are too familiar with Independence Hall to pay it due respect. It was, however, in this building that the Republic of the United States was born.

The Continental Congress had assembled in Philadelphia, as not only the most central point that could have been chosen, but a centre and focus of intellect and wealth. At that time it was fairly doubtful whether Philadelphia or New York would be the great seaport of the United States. In June, 1776, all the leaders of the young American mind were gathered in Penn's City of Brotherly Love.

In that month Lee's bold resolution in favor of the independence of the colonies was first laid before the Congress, and received the emphatic approval of a majority of the members of the body. The subject of a Declaration of Independence had been committed to a Committee, of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman. They reported in due course, and the beginning of July found the Congress duly possessed of the subject. The first days of the month were spent in discussing the Declaration. The Rubicon was really crossed on the 2d by the adoption of Lee's resolution, which, in general terms, affirmed that the colonies ought of right to be, and were, independent States. But upon the details of the preamble there was yet room for discussion. Many members of the Congress objected to clauses and expressions in Jefferson's draft. The 2d, 3d, and 4th of the month were devoted to debate on these disputed points. On the evening of the 3d it was "noised abroad" throughout Philadelphia that Congress had agreed on all that was material, and that the Declaration would be voted upon in its entirety on the following day.

The importance of the crisis was fully realized by the people of Philadelphia. After consultation with those best qualified to advise, the old bellman, early in the morning, ascended the steeple of the Hall in which Congress met. He felt that so momentous an act as the severance of the colonial tie should be heralded forth by the sounds which had been used, in olden days, to celebrate the coronation of a new monarch, the concession of new privileges to the colonists, or the repeal of the Stamp Act. He determined that, so far as in him lay, the joyfulness of the independence of the United States should be made known soon and loudly. Accordingly, when Congress met, he ascended the belfry, and stationed a boy below to telegraph him the tenor of the final vote.

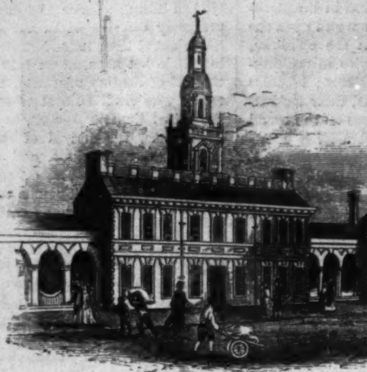
Hours passed, and the old man sat still in the belfry. The great vacant space in front of the Hall—it was then what we should call a square—gradually filled with an excited throng. There were, even then, some Tories left in Philadelphia; but the sense of the crowd was decidedly in favor of independence. As half hour followed half hour, and the unreported debate continued, the crowd testified its impatience in angry whispers; the old bellman, stern and cool, never diverted his gaze from the spot where the boy had been told to stand when he made the sign. Hour succeeded hour; at last the old bellman, whose desire for independence was doubtless strong, began to lose hope.

"Ah!" he groaned in his belfry, "they will never do it. They dare not do it!"

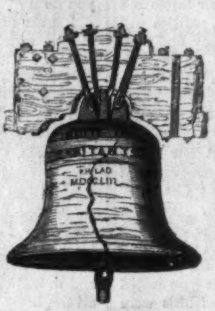
He little knew the deliberate firmness of the men gathered in that building. Hardly had the murmur risen to the roof of the belfry than the boy appeared below—tutored, doubtless, by some very enthusiastic member of the Congress—and cried, gesticulating wildly, "Ring, bellman, ring!"

And the old bellman, all his pent up excitement bursting suddenly forth, rang a peal which woke up the crowd like the last trump; a peal which echoed over the Schuylkill and the Delaware, away to the hills, and down the valleys, from the store of the merchant to the farm-yard of the laborer, and bade every man who heard it make ready for a glorious but desperate struggle.

The old bell—Liberty Bell—on which this peal was rung—may still be seen in the room in Independence Hall which is appropriated to Revolutionary relics. It is badly cracked; it shall ring no more peals. Its office in this world is perfect and complete. One hundred and six years ago it crossed the Atlantic, with no higher purpose than other bells serve. Soon after its arrival a crack disabled it. By direction of the Colonial Assembly of Pennsylvania, it was recast in Philadelphia, and hung anew in the State House. Again, after a lapse of years, a crack—which may be seen in our illustration—rendered the bell useless for practical purposes. Thenceforth it became a relic. The old building was altered; the "Liberty Bell" was lowered from the belfry, and duly ensconced in a corner of the room appropriated to relics in Independence Hall; where, with statues, paintings, and a number of other historical memorials, it remains to this day—the chief object of attraction for the visitor to Philadelphia.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, A.D. 1776.



LIBERTY BELL.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

It was on a bright summer morning that we took passage on board a small Potomac steamer for Mount Vernon. We left Willard's after breakfast, and reached the boat full half an hour before she started—though, according to the announcement, she should have left the wharf within a few minutes after we arrived. Conscious of the shortcomings of New York ferries. we forbore to complain, but calmly took our places and waited.

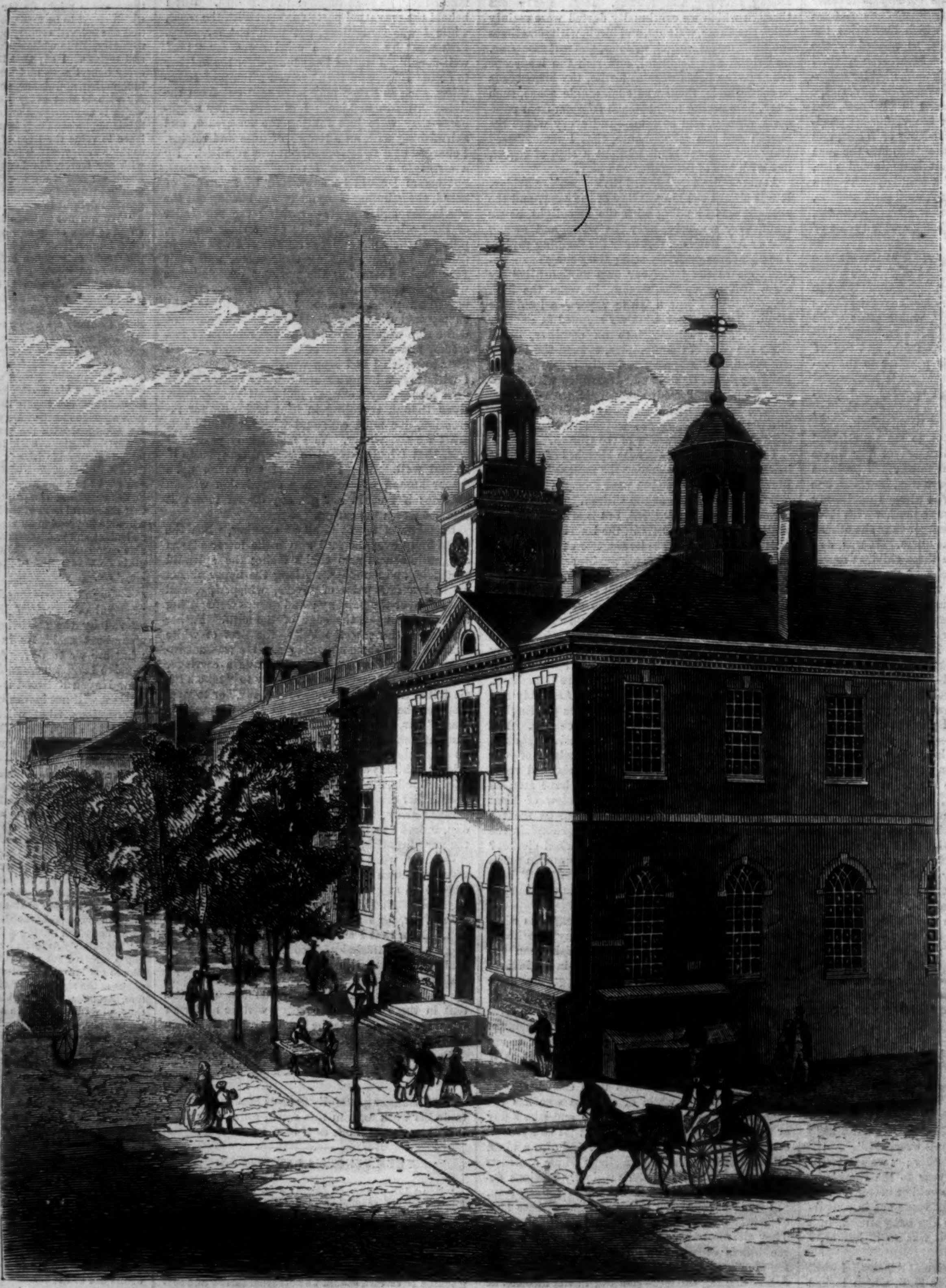
There are few rivers in the United States which can compare in point of beauty with the Potomac at Washington. It combines the best features of the Rhone and Soane—the famous rivers of France. In point of breadth and volume it is hardly surpassed; and the shores display a cultivation and other evidences of improvement which no other river in the United States—save the Hudson near New York—can boast. Each successive bend of the stream as we steamed downward revealed new beauties—a palatial country seat, a charming village, or a lonely reach or creek, cutting an inlet into the ripe inland country. Gazing on the rich Virginian shore, one could readily understand why Washington selected this as his home in preference to any of the other thousand beautiful sites for country seats which he might have chosen. Mount Vernon, within sight and within an hour's journey of the capitol, calmly reposing on the border of a noble river, and basking in the Virginian sun, was certainly a residence which the most fortunate might envy.

Alexandria and an old revolutionary fort passed, presently we hear the steamboat bell toll in honor of the illustrious dead, and we know that we are approaching Mount Vernon. Passing it, indeed; for the boat takes a sweep so as to touch the wharf with her bow Washingtonward. It is a poor, miserable, little contrivance of logs and boards—that wharf—such a landing as one sees in the Far West, where the people have grain to ship, but not means to build a wharf. You must "look at your feet," as mammas say, when you land, else you may thrust your foot through a wide crevice between the boards, and thank your stars that you have only sprained your ankle.

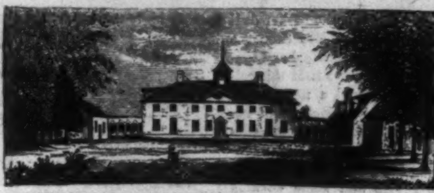
Fine weather and the commencement of the traveling season secured us a hundred and fifty companions, male and female, all in high good-humor. A broad deck, well supplied with seats, gave all a fair opportunity to see the river; even the few who feared the exposure could see something from the windows of the cabin.

A narrow foot-path, not wide enough even for a loving couple to walk abreast, leads from the landing to Mount Vernon. In Washington's time it was usual to ride or drive up on the Virginia side, and to cross in a ferry-boat just opposite the capitol. Now the Virginia road is untraveled, and the river is the highway. We toiled up the ascent under the shade of broad trees, and by the side of a little stream, in which some enterprising travelers mercilessly slaughtered a harmless snake. In a few minutes we reached the upland level.

There, at a sudden turn, we came upon "the Tomb." Lord Morpeth said of it that it was "something between a coach-house and a cage;" and certainly it presents no artistic features that are calculated to divert the attention of the beholder from the associations of the past. It is a brick structure, flanked with brick walls, backed up against the side of a hill, and closed in front by an iron grating too high to be scaled by the enterprising traveler, yet pervious to the eye; our engraving will give a better idea of the building than any verbal description can do. The old family vault, which is depicted above, stood in a different locality, some three hundred yards south of the dwelling-house. Decay attacked it sixty or seventy years ago, and, in his will, Washington desired that "a new vault of brick, and upon a larger scale than the old one, should be built at the foot of what was called the Vineyard inclosure, on the ground which was marked out, in which his



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, A.D. 1858.—[From a Photograph by S. Broadbent.]



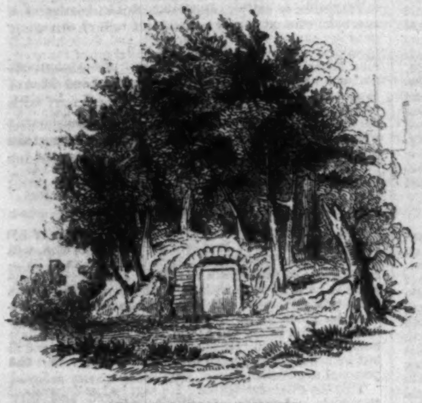
MOUNT VERNON MANSION—REAR VIEW.

remains and those of his deceased relatives . . . . . might be deposited." It was in obedience to this direction that the vault now visited was constructed. It, too, like the old vault, is falling into decay. The upper layer of bricks is every where loose; I noticed some enthusiastic brigands chipping pieces from them to carry home. Others contented themselves with thrusting their hands through the bars and gathering handfuls of pebbles and dirt. A few plucked leaves and twigs from the overhanging shrubs. Selfishness, very slightly cloaked by patriotism, led almost all the visitors to strip the venerated spot of something or other. Woe betide the sarcophagus if it should ever be exposed to the hands of the Vandals who testify their worship of Washington by mutilating the property of his descendants!

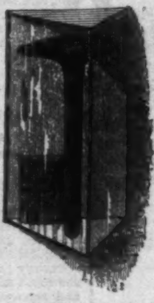
From the tomb, we—a small party, who were not disposed to damage the estate for the sake of carrying off a memorial, and still less to visit the home of Washington as though it were the pit of a comedy theatre—diverged from the crowd to visit a small summer-house, under which there was once a well. Both well and summer-house have now fallen into decay; but no one can climb the broken planks without some emotion, when it is remembered that Washington may have sat there and watched the ripple of the Potomac, while he revolved in his great mind the principles of the Republic which he had so large a share in founding.

We allowed the crowd time enough to visit the house, and then slowly wended our way thither. The approach—over a gentle slope—shows the fine old family mansion to good advantage. Our view, given below, is taken from a point not far from the summer-house, and represents the front, which looks toward the Potomac. The picture at the head of the page is taken from the rear.

There is something very sad in the first approach to Mount Vernon. There are unequivocal signs of decay on every side. The front of the house looks as though any violent wind might effect serious changes. The stone pavement which Washington used to pace in wet weather, under cover of the overhanging balcony, is sadly in want of repairs. A generous respect for the memory of Washington has doubtless withheld the present proprietor from keeping the property in good repair. But it is mournful to see the last traces of the Father of his Country being gradually effaced by the remorseless hand of Time. A few years hence—unless some charitable interference preserve them—the whole front of the house, the pillars, and the pavement will only survive in pictures. Normandy contains far better preserved memorials of William the Conqueror than Virginia does of Washington.



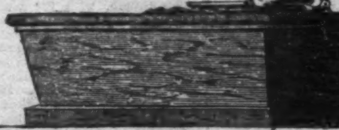
THE OLD FAMILY VAULT.



KEY OF THE BASTILE.

We had hoped that by the time we reached the house the noisy crowd would have satiated their curiosity and departed in search of other drolleries. But, alas! at least half the sight-seers were in the mansion when we entered. It was filled with noisy young women in hoops and bright hats, who chattered and jabbered as they might have done at Barnum's. Some of them quarreled and fought to sit in the chair in which Washington spent many a thoughtful hour; others expressed their feelings in very natural "Oh mys!" and "You don't says!"—while their cavaliers gave vent to a higher form of enthusiasm in interjectional "Jerusalems!" and "Geminis!" They would have exclaimed, and no doubt felt, the same had they been shown the woolly horse, or the identical tail of the Polar bear which was caught in Nootka Sound by Lieutenant Grizzly Snout, of the Marines.

The family of John A. Washington, Esq., who at present inhabit the Mount Vernon mansion, kindly throw open certain rooms to the public on two days of the week. These rooms are those which were occupied by General Washington. In one he probably composed all his contributions to our political literature; in the other the notabilities of his day were often assembled. It has been the purpose of the Washington family to preserve these rooms in the condition in which they were during Washington's lifetime. A few old prints hang on the walls. The furniture is evidently near a century old. The general impression produced on the spectator is one of severity. There is a sternness about the old furniture and grave old pictures which corresponds perfectly with the solemn style in which Washington and his contemporaries wrote: with the times when a father wrote to his son—"Oliver Wolcott, Esq. Sir," etc.



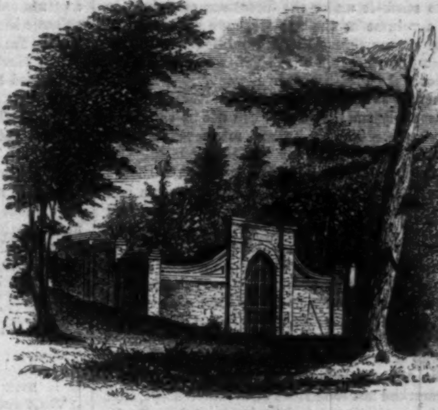
THE SARCOPHAGUS.

Could one visit this memorable spot alone, and enjoy the luxury of undisturbed reflection in presence of these hallowed memorials of Washington, the enjoyment, to a rightly constituted mind, would be beyond any other which the world affords. But when the tenor of thought suggested by so many relics of the great Past is disturbed by the giggling of girls and the ignorant remarks of men who yield to no emotions but those produced by the rise or fall of flour or pork, one may well stifle the thoughts which surge in the mind, and seek a relief from irritation in the cool shade outside.

We saw all that was to be seen—much as one sees curiosities in a museum—the chair, the tables, the prints, the key of the Bastile, which was so singularly identified by Lafayette on his last visit to this country, etc., etc.,—and were then glad to escape the crowd by plunging into the woodland which surrounds the old house. Even there we were assailed by negro women who offered to sell us sticks made out of the wood grown on the estate; but a skillful manœuvre freed us even from these Vandals, and left us in peace for our last half hour on Mount Vernon.

There is, without doubt, no site in the United States so decidedly venerable as Mount Vernon. No burial-place of any European King possesses equal claims to the respect and veneration of his subjects. It is but a slight tribute to the great dead that the Potomac boats should toll their bell when they pass the estate. So small a token of remembrance does not adequately reflect the affection with which the people of the United States cherish the memory of Washington.

For years, it has been a problem how to dispose of Mount Vernon. Belonging to Mr. John A. Washington, a gentleman, it is understood, of no immense fortune, it has naturally fallen into decay. The owner has acted generously by the public in throwing open the grounds and the house twice a week. Which of us would do as much? But this, though a great deal for Mr. Washington, has been too little for the American public. There has always existed a vague desire to see Mount Vernon public property. Latterly this desire has taken a practical shape. A number of Virginian ladies have associated themselves together and obtained from Mr. Washington a contract entitling them to purchase the property for public uses, for a given sum, within a fixed time. It has been urged that the sum demanded is more than the property is fairly worth. Mr. Washington has been sharply accused of trading on the fame of his illustrious kinsman. People have been warned against aiding—from patriotic motives—that gentleman's speculations in real estate. All this may, perhaps, be not devoid of foundation. But, true or false, these considerations are of no consequence. The only point which really merits thought is, whether it is best that the property, which is indissolubly linked with the name of Washington, should be suffered to fall into hopeless decay, or perhaps pass into the hands of Barnum, or that it should become the property of a public body, especially charged with the duty of preserving it in a state worthy of its associations. All who think that Mount Vernon should remain what it is, will doubtless hold themselves aloof from the pending negotiation; those who would like to see the estate public property and a national heir-loom, will aid the Virginian ladies in purchasing it from Mr. John A. Washington.

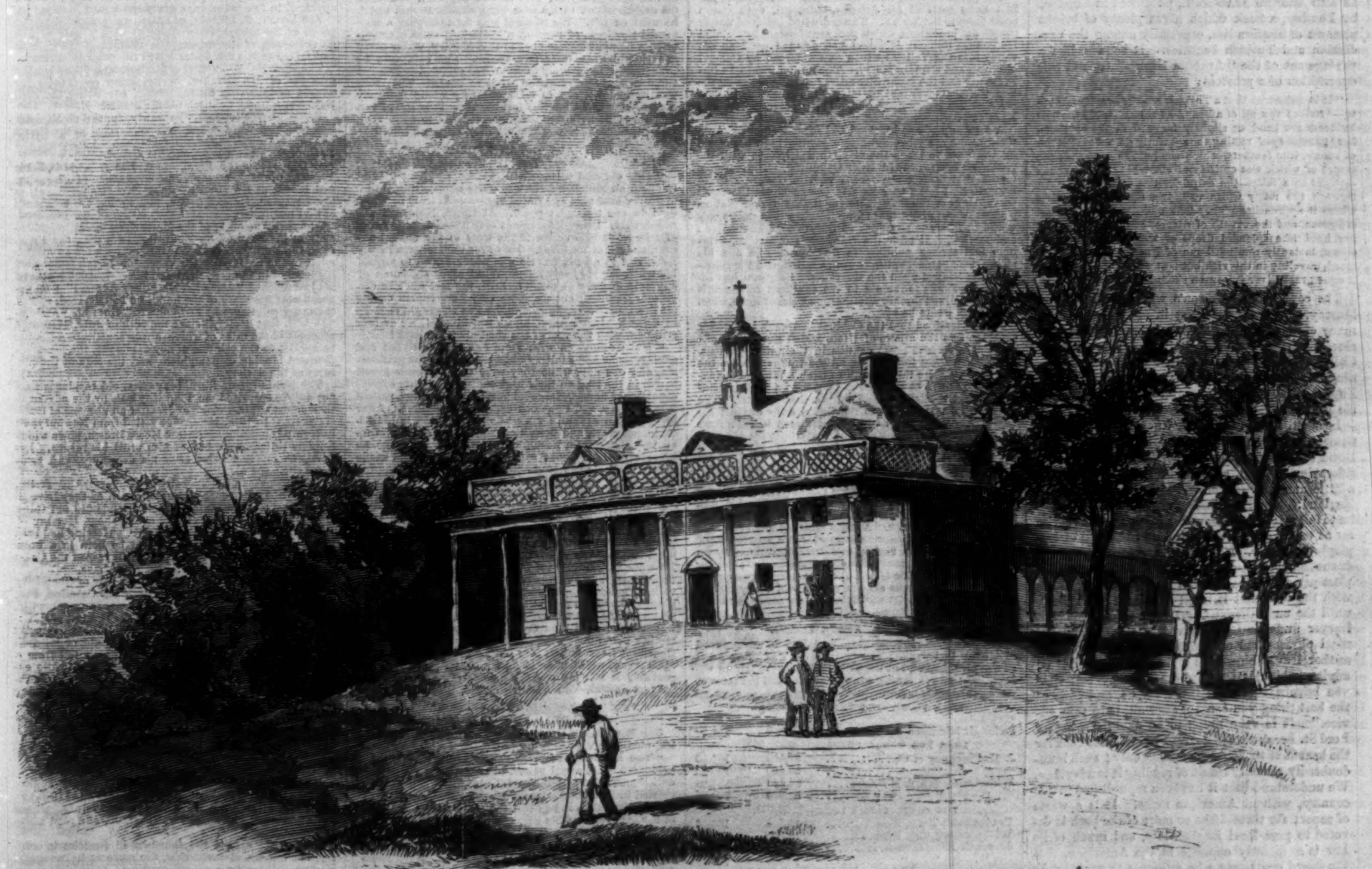


THE NEW VAULT.

We may add, in this connection, that societies are being formed in all the States for the collection of the amount for which Mr. Washington has covenanted to sell the property. Ladies alone can become members of these bodies. The society of ladies which represents the State of New York has not yet begun its labors. We understand that we may shortly expect to hear of it under the Presidency of Miss Hamilton, daughter of James A. Hamilton, Esq.

LITERARY.

THE approach of the season for rambles in the country and by the sea-shore reminds us of the new amusements of the day; and *apropos* of these we have a book from Balliere, which is a capital text-book for the use of those who wish to keep aquaria. This volume contains full directions for stocking the vase, and for the care of the animal and vegetable treasures. Although much has been said and printed in our columns on the subject, we are confident that few of our readers, especially in the inland parts of the country, are aware of the ease with which they can procure and keep this ar-



WASHINGTON'S MANSION, MOUNT VERNON—FRONT VIEW.

ticle. We shall do them a service, therefore, at this season, by mentioning this book.

Any one who desires to possess an aquarium may do so. They are now manufactured in various parts of this country. We can recommend those made by Mr. Hammett, the bookseller, at Newport, where visitors can procure the vase, and find abundant opportunity to stock it; or it may be ordered and sent by express, either of him or of A. D. F. Randolph in New York. Mr. Hammett has devoted much attention to the production of these articles, and has corresponded with Gosse and other eminent English naturalists, who have done more than any others to perfect the aquarium, and with their advice and his own experience he is enabled to make vases which are free from taint and poison, and as well adapted to the purposes as any of English manufacture.

Great care should be taken in securing a tank or vase which will not taint the water or poison the fish. The exposure of some ordinary materials, wood, iron, putty, and certain kinds of paint, to the action of salt water is fatal to the purposes designed. It is safer, therefore, to order the article of some well-known manufacturer than to attempt the making it in a country glazier's shop, although this is not impracticable, if the work be done cautiously, book in hand. The Newport tanks are of two sizes, one holding ten, the other twenty, gallons.

The vase procured, there is nothing to be done but to stock it under the directions contained in such a volume as the one we have spoken of, or any of the numerous English publications on the subject. Obviously, a bluefish of two feet in length will not make a family pet in a twenty-gallon vase; but there is nothing in the fresh or salt water tribes of reasonably small size that can not be thus kept in the house. The habits, and manners, and customs of the shelly and finny tribes become subjects of exciting interest, and children watch with the utmost interest, from day to day, the growth and development of life in these miniature seas and lakes. We have seen one of Mr. Hammet's vases in this city, in which the water has been standing without change for more than four months, except to supply the loss by evaporation, and the animals and plants in it appear as lively and healthy in all respects as when first placed there. Few families will regret the addition of one of these living ornaments to their winter rooms, for it is by the introduction of such amusements and employments, as we remarked not long since of the microscope, that children are induced to love home and prefer its employments to outside attractions. If the children are not sufficiently amused with these, let them have some of Abbott's Illustrated Histories or Story Books, published by Harper & Brothers, and we will insure their quiet by a fireside, or in a cool summer window, until the entire stock is exhausted.

The latest of these admirable books is THE LIFE OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND, brilliant with the stories of his gallant father, the Black Prince, and John of Gaunt, his great uncle of Lancaster, the field of Poictiers, and other battles, as well as with pleasanter and more quiet accounts of good Queen Anne, and the little Queen Isabella, who was married to Richard when she was only nine years old, and was a widow at twelve.

The ladies will be charmed with Mrs. Hornby's IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL, published in London, by Bentley, a book which gives plenty of bright pictures of Eastern life, especially among the Circassian and Turkish beauties. It sounds like a passage out of the "Arabian Nights" to read this description of a princess:

> "It is quite true that a Turkish beauty—really a beauty—'strikes you all of a heap,' as the sailors say. The Princess sat bending slightly forward in the carriage, her 'gazelle eyes' resting thoughtfully on a Turkish fan of snow-white feathers, which she held in her hand, the centre of which was entirely of emeralds and diamonds—slight as a fairy—the exquisite tint of her skin, seen through the misty white vail, just the hue of a shell where it approaches pink. The delicate robe of palest sea-green, and the wreath of diamonds trembling round her head like splendid drops of water in a charmed crown, instantly reminded me of Undine in her softest mood, traveling in this rich but fantastic equipage to visit some great River Queen on shore for the day."

The copyright of Byron's works, held by Mr. Murray, will not expire yet in eight years. Of many of his works, indeed, the copyright has long since run out; but as that of the fourth canto of Childe Harold, and some minor works, is yet running, Murray claims to be the only publisher in England who can sell a complete edition of the noble poet.

Lord St. Leonards (better known by his family name, Sugden) has written a book styled A HANDY BOOK ON PROPERTY LAW, which has excited considerable attention, and has been the cause of not a little amusement among the legal profession in England. The Ex-Chancellor's object appears to be to instruct property-owners just so much and so far as to show them the absolute necessity of employing a lawyer. He takes up one department after another of the law of property, and states the simplest principles, leading the reader cleverly along with the idea that it is all as simple as A B C, until the unwitting and trustful would-be-his-own lawyer finds himself involved in a maze of technical phrases and unintelligible terms, where the author leaves him, with a sly wink and a bit of advice, which is summed up in—"by this time you have got yourself into a scrape, and perhaps the best thing you can do, after all, is to take advice." It is very much to be doubted whether Lord St. Leonards did not really intend the book for the benefit of the legal profession only; such is undoubtedly the only result of reading it to a layman. We understand that it has been republished in this country, without American notes. It is a waste of paper; for three-fifths or more of the book is devoted to pure local English law, and much of its law is so directly opposite to the American, that the *illegal* gentleman who attempts to work by its advice will soon find himself in the hands of his legal friends.

Messrs. Rudd & Carleton enliven the rather dull book market with an odd book—no less than the LECTURES OF LOLA MONTES, including her biography. Of course every body knows that this celebrated lady has recently delivered a number of lectures in this city, on various subjects; but every body does not know that these literary productions of the "Countess of Landsfeldt" possess considerable merit; are piquant, sharp, sometimes witty, containing some gossip and some curious information. Obviously they are not for all readers. We should not recommend the book to young people of doubtful judgment, but we note its appearance as an item of the literary intelligence of the day. The author is a historical character; her career has been remarkable; and this new passage—the life of a public lecturer and an author—is an additional point of interest in it. There is a striking portrait of the lady as a frontispiece, and it is but justice to say that, although she occasionally describes persons, places, events, and characters which were perhaps better let alone, she nevertheless often takes especial pains to give good advice, and to give it in a sensible and forcible way.

Mr. Curtis's History of the Formation of the Constitution, recently completed by the publication of the second volume, receives the highest commendation both at home and abroad. Mr. Von Mohl, of Heidelberg, in his "History and Literature of the Science of Statesmanship," speaks of it as "not only one of the principal works in Transatlantic literature, but a rich and important addition to the science of government every where."

Dr. Martyn Paine's INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE, published by Harper & Brothers, have been thoroughly revised by the learned author, and appear in a new edition, which brings up all the latest additions and discoveries in this most important of sciences. The value of the work as a text-book has long been settled. As such, it is without a rival, and no physician or medical student can well do without it; while that large portion of the community who prefer to study and practice medicine for themselves, will find it a compendium of wisdom from an experienced and trust-worthy source.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE DISPUTE WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "All apprehension of difficulties with Great Britain on the question of the British cruisers may be allayed, as there is now no doubt that Lord Malmesbury has officially communicated to our Government satisfactory explanations. The principles laid down in General Cass's communication to Lord Napier, of the 10th of April, are recognized as sound international law on this question, by which the British Government will be governed."

He adds: "By Lord Malmesbury's dispatch the right of search has been practically abandoned. In considering the abstract principle, there are difficulties in the way as long as slave-trade treaties exist. The principle is practically abandoned, and it is understood that the whole matter will be considered and promptly settled on a basis to prevent future trouble.

"As there have been a number of statements in the newspapers as to the present position of the British Government on the question of the right of search, which do not appear sufficiently explicit, I may say that the British Government abandons not only the practice of search or visit, but also the principle."

NEWS FROM UTAH.

A dispatch from St. Louis announces the arrival of the Salt Lake mail at St. Josephs, Missouri, with Camp Scott dates to the 5th ult. The army had received ample supplies of provisions, which were sent forward by Colonel Hoffman. General Johnston had decided upon an advance into the Valley as soon as reinforced by Colonel Hoffman and Captain Marcy. The former was met within twenty and the latter fifty miles from the camp by the mail train. Governor Cumming, the Peace Commissioners, and the Postmaster, had already proceeded to Salt Lake City.

A company of one hundred and fifty Mormons had arrived at the army head-quarters, having been permitted by Brigham to leave the city, in accordance with the pledge he had given Governor Cumming. These people report that during the recent visit of Governor Cumming to Salt Lake City he was placed under the strict surveillance of the instruments of Brigham, and that no persons were permitted to approach whose testimony would be likely to give him an unfavorable impression; and further, that after the Governor's departure, Brigham had spoken publicly in derision of him and his visit. The hardest epithets were applied, and the coarsest abuse heaped upon the Governor. Brigham had directed the Saints to remain in the southern settlements until he received further advices from Colonel Kane, when new orders would be given.

It is understood that the Cabinet last week had under consideration the affairs of Utah, which are so complicated as to require great caution in their management. From the present indications, all the troops now on the way will continue their march to Utah. What additional measures will be pursued will depend on the character of the next official dispatches from that quarter. The charge of Judge Eckels to the Grand Jury against polygamy is condemned as being calculated to embarrass the pacification of the Mormons.

PEACE AND QUIET IN KANSAS.

By a dispatch received from Leavenworth, Kansas, we learn that at a meeting, called at that place for the purpose of organizing a Vigilance Committee, resolutions were passed discountenancing such an organization, and expressing entire confidence in the authorities to properly administer the laws. A mass meeting had been held at Fort Scott to consider measures for the settlement of the troubles in that region, and it was unanimously resolved to proceed through the civil organization; to refer all past offenses to the Grand Jury; to refrain from prosecutions and vexatious arrests, and to hold every citizen of Fort Scott to a strict accountability for assault or other unlawful acts.

NEW YORK STATE LOANS.

The bids for the three State loans called for were opened at Albany last week. The competition was not so great as was anticipated, but the prices offered were fair on the average. The following are the awards and the rates at which they were made:

	Amount.	*Rate.*
LOAN TO SINKING FUND—$1,500,000.		
Rufus H. King and associates....	$1,500,000	101.62
LOAN FOR CANAL PURPOSES—$200,000.		
J. M. Pinckney & Co..........	50,000	101.15
" "	50,000	100.85
Whitehouse, Son, & Morrison....	50,000	100.85
" " "	50,000	100.80
THE CONTROLLER'S LOAN—$100,000.		
Tradesman's Bank, New York...	15,000	103.26
Williamsburg City Bank........	10,000	103.05
James G. King & Sons..........	65,000	102.85
" " "	10,000	102.65

A MURDERER EXECUTED AT WASHINGTON.

The young convict Powers, who murdered Lutz, was hanged at twelve o'clock on Saturday. Great efforts were made up to the latest hour to obtain a commutation of sentence. It is said the President said to one person, occupying a prominent position, who was pleading for mercy, "If you can show me an extenuating circumstance, I will grant it." The person reflected some moments, and finding no other ground of appeal, answered, "His youth, your Excellency." The President replied, "Nearly all the murders and other crimes of violence so frequent of late in this district have been committed by such young men."

THE CRUISE OF THE "ARCTIC."

THE Albany *Evening Journal* says: "The cruise of the little old *Arctic* has turned out as we expected it would. She was sent to the Gulf, it will be remembered, to 'blow the British fleet out of water' (with two guns and a howitzer). The first day out she made three miles an hour. The third day out she rolled so heavily that a corporal's guard of marines had to hold the howitzer to keep it from pitching overboard. On the seventh day she broke her engine. On the eighth she sprung a leak. On the ninth set all hands at the pumps. Succeeding in stopping the leak, she crept on toward Havana at canal-boat speed—two and a half miles an hour. She did not see the British fleet—didn't see the *Styx*—didn't see any thing, in fact, except when some merchantmen overtook and sailed past her. Finally, after a voyage of eighteen days (more than it takes to go to Europe), she reached Havana. Then it was found that her boilers were out of order, and she started back to Key West for repairs. It is hardly necessary to add that she did not 'blow the British fleet out of water.'"

THE FLOOD AT CAIRO.

A letter from Cairo says: "The position of the inhabitants is distressing. Some few still occupy the upper stories of their dwellings. Those that could—say one half (they tell me more)—have fled; but the great majority have sought temporary shelter on the levees; this, with constant rain, is but wallowing mud. Our wharf-boat is said to contain thirty-two families! I should think so. Railroad-cars, boats, and every conceivable structure, is, of course, literally crowded with women and children, dogs, cats, and pigs. The levees are banked with furniture, bedding, and household goods. I last night looked under some sheets stretched across a pair of cart-wheels; it was the best home a family of husband, wife, and three children had they were respectable people and were yet cheerful. I said to them the water had risen seven feet at Louisville, and the probabilities were that their levee would be under water when the next flood struck them. The father inquired the particulars—fearing to hear the replies. The wife wiped a scalding tear from her eye, and looked despairingly at the little ones about her. Hundreds of horses, cattle, and swine stroll the levees without food or shelter."

A WOMAN-WHIPPING PRIEST.

There is much excitement in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, in consequence of the beating of a woman named Joanna Conner, by a Roman Catholic priest. Says the *Media American:* "Her oath before the Justice of the Peace was, that the priest rode up to the house while her husband was absent, came in, ordered her to *kneel*, and then unmercifully whipped her, with a whip made of *twisted wire* (one said to be used by him for punishing refractory Catholics) over the arms and shoulders. This she could not stand, and ran out upon the piazza, crying and screaming. He followed, drove her back, again made her kneel, and again whipped her with his horrid instrument of torture. And, in concluding, to add to his already inhuman conduct, directed her to bathe herself with *salt and water* (which would have produced the most excruciating agony), and say nothing about the affair. She then proceeded to the residence of Enos L. Baker, but a few yards off (for whose family her sister works), showed Mrs. B. the marks of her whipping, which lay in thick, black welts over her arms and back, as thick as one's thumb, with the blood here and there oozing through the lacerated skin, and related to them substantially as above. They directed her to the residence of Squire Baldwin, whither she immediately repaired, in spite of the protestations of her sister, who superstitiously believed that dark evils would come upon them for daring to oppose a priest. She asked Squire Baldwin if there was any law to protect a woman from a priest in this country? He assured her there was. She then made oath of the facts, and procured a State's warrant for the priest's arrest. The Squire remarked to us that he was very particular in questioning her as to all the facts of the case, as he considered it an extraordinary one, and wished to have no doubt about it. She also remarked to him that this was not the first or the only whipping that he had been guilty of; that he had flogged a woman in the neighborhood with a wire whip, similar to that which he used on her. We think it was for marrying a man named Coppock, or Proctor, a Protestant—which constituted a heinous offense even in this country, where every one should have their free choice. She said that he whipped her so severely that she was confined to her bed three weeks, almost at the point of death! The affair was hushed up, and in all probability would not have been divulged but for this last offense. It is stated further that it is nothing uncommon for him to whip men, women, and children whenever they displease him."

OBITUARY OF AN ELEPHANT.

The following we copy from the Cleveland *Plaindealer:*

"This old and justly distinguished elephant died at Canfield on Monday. He was quite old—extremely so. We have heard his age stated variously at from five hundred to one thousand years. At times, Hannibal was rather wild. Domestic troubles may have been the cause of this. We believe his faults were of the head, however, and not of the heart. He never used tobacco in any form, and in all his travels was never forced to 'spout' his trunk for his hotel bills. What other showman of any note can say as much? Still, the fact can't be disguised, Hannibal cut up some very hard capers during his life. In Maine, years ago, he was one night shut up in a shed. In the morning he was found three or four miles off, with the roof of the shed upon his back!

"When connected with June and Titus's circus and menagerie he had a falling out with some of the performers, and one day, while they were making their grand entrée in the ring on their high-mettled and gorgeously-caparisoned horses, Hannibal burst his fastenings, rushed into the ring, and unhorsed every man of them. After tossing them around for a while he returned to his accustomed place, and permitted his keeper to tie him up again. Going from Boston to Salem, some years ago, he became enraged about something or other, and made terrific work on the road—tearing down fences, tipping over wagons, and tossing men and horses into the air.

"Traveling from one small town to another, one Sunday afternoon, in New Hampshire, Hannibal met a long line of carriages, filled with people going home from church. The man in the head carriage struck the elephant a smart blow with his whip as he passed. Hannibal immediately unloaded the entire line of carriages. No one was seriously injured. One night as his keeper was driving him through a strip of woods in Vermont, a violent thunder-storm arose. A tree was struck by lightning, and one of the shattered branches struck the keeper, and killed him instantly. All night long the elephant watched the dead man closely and tenderly, even as a mother would watch the corpse of her child, and never from that moment left him until he was buried. Hannibal meant well. We don't hear what ailed Hannibal—probably it was old age. We understand that he cost his last owners, Van Amburg & Co., $14,000. 'Peace to his ashes!'"

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

The Rev. Ralph Hoyt, an old and much liked minister, publishes the following card:

"The hurricane of Monday afternoon, among other evidences of its awful power, blew from the stone-foundation and utterly demolished the beautiful new building erected in Fifty-fourth Street, for the Free Church of the Good Shepherd. It had cost the undersigned the labor of the best years of his life, and all that he had earned, together with the contributions of his friends, to erect this edifice, where all might worship on free and equal terms. But one short hour has darkened all his hopes, and left him without resources enough even to clear away the rubbish. Nevertheless, this paragraph, penciled under the mass of ruins, is to certify that, by God's blessing, he intends to 'try again;' and if any friend will invest even a widow's mite in this endeavor to provide a house of worship free for all, he will thankfully receive and acknowledge the assistance. R. HOYT,

"*Rector of the Free Church of the Good Shepherd.*"

A YOUNG DEVIL.

The Baltimore *Republican* gives the following as a few exploits of the son of a very respectable citizen of that city. The young villain is only fifteen years old:

"Not long ago a young Newfoundland dog, the favorite of his father, was securely tied by this young Nero, who saturated the body with camphene or ethereal oil, and set fire to the inflammable fluid, which had the effect of roasting poor Towzer until life became extinct, after the endurance of the most intense, agonizing sufferings which the human mind can conceive.

"The young demon, being well pleased at the result of this grand experiment in cruelty, next endeavored also to roast alive his little sister, a bright, intelligent child, about six years old. Having playfully bound her legs and arms with a clothes-line, he placed her upon the cooking-stove in the kitchen, heated to an intense degree in order to prepare dinner for the family. The shrieks and yells of the agonized little victim were fortunately heard by the mother, who rushed down and removed the poor child before she was fatally injured. Toleration of the young villain's crimes had now ceased to be a virtue, and the father was engaged in preparations to effect his removal to the House of Refuge when the hopeful youth suddenly disappeared at night from his dwelling, and no tidings have been heard of him since."

A MAN CUTS HIS WIFE'S THROAT.

A letter from Utah, in the *Tribune*, contains the following: "Another of those black-hearted, fiendish, and atrocious deeds which cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance upon the perpetrators, has, from the publicity which has been given to it among the Mormon people, reached us. The fourth wife of a man living in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, whose name, for the present, I shall suppress—a young, amiable, refined woman, beloved by all who knew her, somewhat superior to the common mass, from the influence of early education—became impatient and heart-sickened at the abject state of misery so rapidly gnawing the very cords of her soul, and determined, if possible, to make an effort to reach the camp of the army. Her husband got some hint of it. He immediately mounted his horse, rode to Brigham's office, and asked of Brother Brigham what he should do with her. Brigham told him to cut her throat, and thus save her from eternal damnation. The brute went home and told the poor woman to prepare to die. She, seeing the earnestness of his manner, fell at his feet, begging, praying, and imploring him for mercy; but he, while she was thus kneeling before him, took her by the hair, and cut her throat from ear to ear."

PERSONAL.

The *Athenæum* says: "After all, and in spite of his many former refusals, Professor Agassiz, of Boston, will be won over for the directorship of the Museum of Natural History of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. It appears to be a favorite wish of the Emperor Napoleon to draw this celebrated scholar, whose personal acquaintance he made in Switzerland, to Paris. Agassiz has been offered a salary of 25,000 francs and the immediate Senatorship, which brings another 30,000 francs; and at last he has consented to go over to Paris for a verbal and personal negotiation."

This the Professor denies. He says he has determined to remain in America. It is not true that he is going to France to take the Emperor's offer into consideration. He does not feel able to leave his engrossing studies even long enough to make a visit to his aged mother in Switzerland.

The highest honor at the University of Cambridge, England—that of "Senior Wrangler"—was taken this year by M. B. Pell, an American student.

An anonymous correspondent of the Boston *Herald* alleges that a duel took place, early Monday morning, in Roxbury, between a Southern gentleman and a young law student of Boston. The Southerner was wounded in three places, it is feared dangerously. The Boston boy was only run through the sleeve of his shirt. The Southerner insulted him on Saturday morning, and the student challenged him at once. All parties are highly connected.

Edmund Flagg, of the State Department at Washington, is engaged in preparing for the press a volume, commenced some years since, detailing political events which have transpired on the continent of Europe since the revolutionary years of 1848–'49, especially in Southern Europe. This volume will constitute a continuation of Mr. Flagg's "History of Venice and Austrian Italy," which appeared in two volumes, a few years ago.

The Rev. T. O. Lincoln, of Utica, was presented by the youth of his congregation (Baptist) with a pair of kid gloves—each of the fingers and thumbs of both gloves had folded in it a ten dollar bill!

The Rev. Dr. M'Ilvaine, of Rochester, is following the example of Mr. Beecher, in baptizing candidates for church membership by immersion, borrowing the baptistery of a Baptist church for the ceremony.

Baron de Watterstedt, the newly appointed Minister Resident from Sweden and Norway, arrived in the Persia *en route* for Washington. Lords Richard Grosvenor and F. Cavendish are also among the arrivals.

Carl Formes, the great basso, has relinquished his Western professional tour, in consequence of ill-health, and is now at Dr. Munde's water-cure establishment, at Northampton, Massachusetts, undergoing the treatment of that institution.

At a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society at their rooms, on Thursday, 24th ult., the President, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, presented an assignment to the Society by the venerable Josiah Quincy, of his interest in the copyright and the stereotype plates of his just finished "Life of John Quincy Adams;" "an expression of his sense of the honor he had derived, and of the many privileges he had enjoyed" from his "association with that Society" since the 26th of July, 1796—the proceeds of the sales of which are to constitute a fund to be applied to the printing of any catalogue, the preservation and binding of pamphlets, and the care of the pictures of the Society.

The Newburyport *Herald* says that old residents were not a little surprised, on Thursday last, by the advent in their midst of Mr. Peter Fudge, after an absence of forty six years. In 1812, Mr. Fudge sailed from Newburyport in a ship belonging to the late Moses Brown, since which time no tidings were had of him until his return. His wife was married twice after his departure, and some years since she died.

The students in the Tuscaloosa (Alabama) University, recently had a personal altercation such as they have in Congress, but unfortunately their friends did not think it worth while to interfere, and one of them, Herring of Mississippi, shot and killed the other. Herring had been bantered for permitting himself to be born in a State which repudiated its debts, and for this reason the Court acquitted him as having acted in self-defense.

The body of Dr. Mitchell, late Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of North Carolina, was, on the sixteenth of last month, removed from Asheville, North Carolina, and reinterred upon the summit of "Mitchell's Peak," of the Black Mountain, the highest point of land east of the Mississippi River. Professor Mitchell was killed on the 27th of June, 1857, by a fall from a precipice on the side of the Black Mountain, while engaged in making some scientific observations with regard to the reliability of the barometer in determining heights.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT—PROPERTY QUALIFICATION.

ON 10th ult. the bill abolishing property qualifications for members of Parliament was debated, and read a second time.

The bill to extend the franchise in counties to occupiers of ten pound tenements, the same as in boroughs, was brought up for a second reading. Government opposed any action upon the measure at present; but upon a test vote there was a majority against Government of 58, and the bill was read a second time.

SAILING OF THE TELEGRAPH SQUADRON.

The Telegraph squadron, consisting of the *Niagara*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Valorous*, the *Gorgon*, and the *Porcupine*, started from Plymouth Sound at ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th of June, for mid ocean, where the work of submerging the Atlantic telegraph cable will be commenced some time between the 16th and 20th inst. The particular point selected is in long. 52° 2′ N., and 33° 18′ W., where the depth of the ocean is 1600 fathoms. The ships are to keep in company until they arrive at this locality, to prevent the possibility of any delay when they reach their destination. By a glance at the chart of the Telegraph plateau it will be seen that the point selected is fifty miles nearer to the coast of Newfoundland than it is to the coast of Ireland; but as the *Niagara* will be obliged to land the cable at the head of Trinity Bay, she will have no advantage. That bay is about sixty miles long, so that the spot chosen will be half-way between the points of connection.

The weather was as fine as could be wished, and the expedition started under the most favorable auspices.

Ninety additional miles of cable have been placed on the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* during the past few days, so that there is now on board both ships 2970 miles, or a little more than fifty per cent. on the distance between Ireland and Newfoundland.

SAILING RULES OF THE EXPEDITION.

The following are the rules which have been drawn up for the mechanical and electrical departments while on the expedition:

1. In case the cable should break after a definite amount—say 250 miles—had been paid out from each ship, the ends are to be reunited after recovering as much as possible, and the paying out is to be renewed unless circumstances may have arisen to induce the engineer to determine otherwise, especially in the event of a larger proportion of slack having been expended than was reckoned upon.

2. If signals should fail to be received between the paying out ships, the engineers will continue paying out for at least six hours, and so much longer as the electricians and engineers may deem necessary and desirable.

3. In case electrical signals fail as the ships approach the land, without other evidence of breakage, soundings at the time being not deeper than two hundred fathoms, the ships are to go on paying out and land the ends.

4. In case the cable break after more than two hundred and fifty miles have been paid out from each ship, and before it has been possible to reach soundings of two hundred fathoms, the ships are to return to Queenstown for orders.

5. The cables are to be united in lat. 52° 2′ N., long. 33° 18′ W.

6. After the cable has been successfully laid, Mr. Field is authorized to dispose of any surplus cable that may remain, at a rate of not less than £75 ($375) per statute mile of 1760 yards.

7. After the cable is laid the machinery on board the United States steam frigate *Niagara* is to be taken on to New York and transhipped from the *Niagara* on board a vessel bound for the United Kingdom.

CHARLES DICKENS'S TROUBLES.

The *Scotsman* says: "As Mr. Dickens's statement is apt to be somewhat unintelligible to those beyond the reach of the gossip of London and the 'literary world,' we may explain that the fact, as we are informed, is, that Mr. Dickens has, by mutual agreement, separated from his wife, on the ground of 'incompatibility.' The name of a young lady on the stage has been mixed up with the matter—most cruelly and untruly, is the opinion, we hear, of those having the best means of observing and judging; indeed, the arrangement itself is to a great extent a refutation of that part of the scandal. Of the family (eight in number) the eldest son remains with his mother, but some at least of the daughters go with Mr. Dickens, and the head of his new home is a lady, a very near relative of Mrs. Dickens. We mention these facts to explain the allusion to which Mr. Dickens has thought proper to give publicity, and also to do so in such a way as to prevent the transaction so dimly referred to being made the subject of inferences too unfavorable."

A CLERICAL HORSEWHIPPING.

The Roman Catholic clergy have adopted a summary mode of checking the "great social evil." A Longford paper says that as a priest was passing through that town the other day he noticed an unfortunate woman on the road. He stepped down off the car, took the whip from the driver, and, without any provocation further than her unfortunate life, commenced lashing and beating her with the whip, the sound of which might be heard one hundred yards off. Having to some extent gratified himself, following and lashing her for thirty or forty yards, he returned to the car and pursued his journey onward. The unfortunate woman made no resistance, but ran and crouched like a spaniel dog, nor was there a person sufficiently near to save her. In the country districts of Ireland the clergy are great adepts at horsewhipping. Latterly, however, the peasantry have shown a disposition to resent this degrading treatment, and public opinion is likely soon to put an end to it.

ROWING BY LADIES.

A correspondent of the Cheltenham *Examiner* calls attention to the practice, now becoming fashionable at the Pittville Spa, of ladies taking boat-exercise on the lake. He says: "There is no exercise that I know of more calculated to expand the chest and give a healthy tone to the system generally than that of rowing. Followed in moderation, it is an amusement which ladies, and particularly young ladies, would do well to patronize. It calls into healthy action the whole muscular system, without inducing that degree of fatigue which the same amount of exercise in any other way is apt to engender." It is no uncommon thing, we (Cheltenham *Examiner*) understand, to see parties of ladies thus amusing themselves by the hour in "paddling the light canoe."

The Emperor of France spends a couple of hours every day at Fontainebleau rowing, his Majesty's physicians having recommended that form of taking exercise.

BURIED ALIVE FOR FOUR DAYS.

A Glasgow paper describes an extraordinary accident which befell a laborer named Templeton, in a mine near Garnkirk. A mass of earth fell upon this unfortunate man while he was employed in the mine, and almost suffocated him. The débris surrounded him, but fortunately an aperture was left through which he was enabled to breathe and communicate with his fellow-workmen, a body of whom set to work earnestly to extricate him; but it was not till he had been thus imprisoned for 108½ hours that he was rescued.

PUNNING IN THE PULPIT.

The Bishop of Oxford, preaching in St. Margaret's Church, on the 6th, in aid of the Westminster Hospital, thus questioned the motives of some people's charity: "For instance, contrast the amount you give when the plate is held at the door, and you can slip in your contribution quietly and unseen in passing out, with the sum you would give in the same church, and for the very same object, were the plate handed into each pew, and your respectability *put upon its mettle.*"

FRANCE.

TERRIBLE STATE OF TRADE.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "It is generally admitted that there has not been more commercial distress in Paris since the Revolution of 1848 than at the present moment, nor are there very sanguine hopes of an immediate change for the better. The next harvest, which promises to be abundant, must be got in before commercial prosperity can revive. The receipts of the French railway companies were more favorable last week than for several months past."

LIBERTY OF THE CITIZEN.

When Dr. Bernard was in prison in England a countryman and townsman wrote him a friendly letter, offering him pecuniary or other assistance, if required. The letter was given to Mr. Leverson, as solicitor for Bernard, who knew the name of the writer, but not the handwriting, and, in consequence, sent the letter to Paris for information. On Bernard's acquittal, his friend, the writer of the letter, was ordered to quit Paris in ninety-four hours. On asking for explanation, he was told that he had no visible means of living; but it being proved that he possessed a yearly income of £500, he was told that it was solely owing to the influence of a friend that he had not been sent to Cayenne.

HOW MANY SONS HAS THE EMPEROR?

During the present sojourn at Fontainebleau a tall, slim youth, tolerably good-looking, gallops by the side of the Imperial carriage, and talks with remarkable freedom to the royal party. The circumstance has given rise to many *on dits*, all tending to one view, which the likeness confirms.

A FREAK OF THE EMPEROR.

The *Times* correspondent says: "On Monday commenced the annual Fair of Fontainebleau. There was a horse and cattle market, booths of all kinds of merchandise, tents for traveling showmen, street music, crowds of country-people and poor peasants dressed in their best, and dust, noise, and confusion, *ad libitum*. The quiet city of Fontainebleau, ordinarily so peaceable, was suddenly transformed into an extraordinary scene of gayety and animation. The crowds were laughing and dancing, the trombones and the clarionets were perspiring in their efforts to keep up with the heels of the boys and girls, when some rustic, more perspicacious than his comrades, thought he discovered, in two jaunty grisettes and a mason with a blouse on and a plumb-line under his arm, a trio that wonderfully resembled some people at the palace. The hint spread like the wind, and it did not take long to let every body know that the Emperor and Empress were present in disguise. The boys grew more timid and more polite in asking the girls to dance, and the girls more shy in the presence of a middle-aged man with a blouse on. Whether they were the imperial persons in question or not, the two jaunty grisettes and the mason in the blouse soon disappeared after they saw themselves the object of general curiosity. The everyday life of the Court at Fontainebleau is very quiet; each series of invited guests does not number more than sixty persons, and the weather prevents all active exercise. Promenades in carriages, dinners in the forest, and theatrical representations at the Palace in the evening, constitute the principal diversions of the Court."

PUNISHMENT OF ONE MURDERER.

On Saturday, the 5th, Lieutenant de Mercy, the murderer of his comrade, was publicly degraded on the Place Bellecour, at Lyons. Detachments from the different regiments of the garrison formed square. The prisoner being brought into the centre in full uniform, a sergeant stepped forward and tore off his epaulet and the scale on the other shoulder, throwing them at the lieutenant's feet. The sergeant then drew the prisoner's sword, and, breaking it across his knee, cast the fragments at the prisoner's feet. The next step was to tear off the buttons of his uniform, and the military degradation was then complete. Lieutenant de Mercy appeared very calm, except at the moment when the sergeant seized his epaulet when he raised his arm smartly in an attitude of resistance. He was marched off the parade-ground to the prison of St. Joseph, followed by a great crowd.

IMPUNITY OF ANOTHER.

It is very positively stated that the judges of instruction of Versailles have made what is called a decree of "*non lieu*" in the affair of M. de Pène; the English of which is, that the prosecution against Lieutenant Hyéne is burked, and he will be free to pursue his military career, and enjoy the esteem of his comrades, who approve of his conduct.

ESCAPADE OF YOUNG FOULD.

A son of M. Fould, the Minister of State, has contrived to fall in love with Mademoiselle Valérie, an actress of the Théâtre Français, and as he could not accomplish his object on more favorable terms, he determined to marry her. For that purpose he has carried the lady off to London, and it is not yet known whether the parties are married or not. In the mean time the affair has been referred to the Duc de Malakoff, who will no doubt do all in his power to prevent the heir of the Jew Minister from becoming the husband of a Christian actress. As usual under the present *régime* in France, the papers have been ordered, under the penalty of suppression, not to allude to the mishap which desolates the hearth of the Minister of State. A Paris letter says: "The scandal of M. Fould's youthful son still is much talked of. He has robbed his father of, not 700,000 francs, but 1,600,000! M. Fould, the father, wrote to the Duc de Malakoff, in London, to 'use authority!' But Marshal Pelissier treated the whole thing as a French 'sub-lieutenant' might. He asked young Fould and Mademoiselle Valérie to breakfast; said pleasantly, 'Young people, I give you my blessing!' and wrote to the furious father that 'young men were but young men, after all!'"

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN ON THE STAGE.

On Monday, the 7th ult., a new drama, in five acts, called "The Polar Seas," was produced at the Cirque Olympique, Paris, with the thermometer at a tropical heat. The author is M. Charles Edmond, of the *Presse*, who accompanied Prince Napoleon on his northern voyage. The Prince, attended by his military household, was present at the performance. In the first act the sister of Lady Franklin comes on the stage, and in the course of a dialogue informs the audience that the English Government has sent a ship to search for Sir John Franklin. The second officer of this ship is the celebrated French lieutenant, Bellot, who is represented as in love with a relative of Lady Franklin, Miss Eva Norton. In the second act we are introduced to Sir John Franklin himself and all his crew, who have been waiting for seven years in a frozen ocean, expecting deliverance from England. As the plot proceeds we find Miss Eva slyly embarking on board the vessel to share the dangers of her loved lieutenant. They touch at Greenland, and there a Protestant clergyman proposes to take care of Miss Eva, to spare her the further perils of the voyage; but she resolutely refuses, and makes it known that she has become Mrs. Bellot on board ship. The narrative of the voyage is resumed, no vestige is found of Sir John Franklin or his companions, Lieutenant Bellot is made to die by the hand of a rival in the affections of Eva, and she remains an unconsolable widow. The piece was not very successful.

LUGGAGE OF A PARISIAN LADY.

A Paris letter says: "The intensely hot weather of the last ten days has scattered the *beau monde* of Paris in various directions. Some have sought refuge from the heat, dust, and odors of the capital in their noble chateaux; others exchange the crowds of Paris salons for the crowds of Baden-Baden, Spa, and the other innumerable resorts with which France and Germany abound. A French *feuilletoniste* gives us an amusing description of the flight of these birds of fashion, and particularly of the pleasure and convenience of traveling with a gay lady: 'It is so *easy*,' he tells us, 'to travel with a woman, her wants are so *few*, her requirements so easy; after all, what are they?' he exclaims to the grumbling husband. 'Only a dozen of trunks to contain her petticoats, her hoops, her bouquets, her crinoline, her morning gowns, her mid-day robes, her evening toilets, the cloaks, the mantles, the laces, the guipures, the furs, the riding-habits, the hat and plume, the whip; some thirty boxes for her bonnets, her caps, her vails, her ribbons, her flowers; a few cases for the jewels; a few fan-boxes; a dressing box, a work box, a scent box, parasols, chanceliers for the feet, elastic cushions, shawls, plaids, woolen coverings, a few favorite novels, a few amusing journals, the new traveling guide, and the map of the railroad. Verily, one could not be more discreet, or less embarrassing or cumbersome.'"

STORY OF A SHAWL.

Another correspondent writes: "A husband of a reasonable age recently entered a '*magasin de nouveautés*' and desired to look at the assortment of shawls, wishing, he said, to make a present to his wife upon her birthday, close at hand. One of the shawls seemed to please him in every thing save the price; the shopkeeper demanded a thousand francs, and he was willing to pay only eight hundred. After some attempt at bargaining he went away without deciding, promising to return again. The cunning merchant ran immediately to the gentleman's residence, saw his wife and related the occurrence to her. Enchanted at the kindness of her spouse, the lady willingly paid the two hundred francs at which he had demurred, and sent away the dry-goods man, having enjoined upon him the strictest silence.

"Eight days passed. The birthday arrived but not the shawl! The lady, uneasy at the non-appearance of the present, after allowing the usual week of grace, sent to demand her money or the shawl. Astonishment of the merchant! The shawl had been delivered to the husband some ten days previous. *Figaro* asks—What did he do with it?"

HOW RACHEL LOOKED IN HER DEATH AGONY.

Mademoiselle Sarah Felix, the sister of the late Mademoiselle Rachel, lately brought an action before the Civil Tribunal against Madame O'Connell, the well known artist, to obtain damages for having pirated a design belonging to her. Mademoiselle Sarah, it appeared, on the death of her sister at Cannes, on the 3d January last, caused a photographer to take a likeness of her on her death-bed. He obtained one remarkable for its exactitude, but it was, as was said, "horrible to witness," inasmuch as it represented her features as they were contracted in the agony of death. As Mademoiselle Sarah's object in having the photograph taken was to preserve a memorial of the deceased for her family and a few friends, she saw that it would not be possible to offer them any thing so disagreeable to look at, and she accordingly employed a photographer of Paris, named Ghemar, to soften it down. She made both the photographers sign agreements by which they bound themselves to take all possible precautions to prevent either the original photograph or the modification of it from getting into the hands of the public. But Ghemar imprudently allowed Mademoiselle O'Connell to take a copy of it, and she having made some alterations in it, caused MM. Goupil, the well-known print sellers, to offer copies of it for sale. Mademoiselle Sarah protested against this proceeding, and she caused a seizure to be made of the copies unsold. In support of her action, certificates were produced from Count de Nieuweskerke, director-general of the Imperial Museums, and from other artistic authorities, to the effect that Mademoiselle O'Connell's photograph was undoubtedly a piracy, and it was contended that the original photograph was not only the exclusive property of Mademoiselle Sarah, but that in law no person, except the members of Rachel's own family, had the right to represent her on her death-bed, inasmuch as, though she had been a public performer, all that regarded her private life was as sacred as that of any other person. It was added, that Mademoiselle Sarah's intention was to give to the poor any damages the tribunal might award her, her object in bringing the action being to prevent pictures of Rachel on her death-bed from being sold to the public. On the part of Madame O'Connell, it was admitted that she had seen the photograph in the hands of Ghemar, and had to a certain extent been inspired by it; but it was contended that her work was so different from that in many respects that it must be considered original. It was also insisted that Madame O'Connell had the right to produce portraits of Rachel, living or dead, as from Rachel's artistic eminence she was public property. It was accordingly demanded, not only that the action should be dismissed, but that 5000 francs damages should be awarded to her for the wrong done her in bringing it and by the seizure. After hearing the public prosecutor, who declared himself in favor of Mademoiselle Sarah's action, the tribunal postponed judgment for a week.

GERMANY.

FORTUNES OF THE NEW PRUSSIAN PRINCESS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The indisposition of Princess Frederick William, which prevents her from meeting her father at Coburg, has been occasioned by her spraining her ankle in a game at romps with the young children of her cousin, Prince Frederick Charles—an accident that has alarmed her medical advisers more than it would have done at any other time, from her showing symptoms of being in that condition in which ladies wish to be who love their lords. The little lady really does love her lord more devotedly than is often the case in her rank of life, and there are many anecdotes in circulation illustrating the artless manner in which she displays her attachment. The other day the Prince went over to Potsdam 'on important business,' *i. e.*, drilling and manœuvring his brigade of Guards; but he had scarcely been absent a few hours when he was recalled to Berlin by a telegraphic dispatch from the Princess, begging him to return immediately. He hastened back in the utmost alarm, fancying something dreadful had happened, and was quite relieved by her receiving him in her usual health and spirits, only stating, when questioned why she had sent for him in so violent a hurry, that she "had felt such a longing to see him again;" "and besides," she added, on her husband's remonstrating with her for calling him away from his professional duties, 'Mamma always telegraphs for papa when she wants him.' This reference to what her mamma does the little Princess considers a sufficient justification for any offense she may commit against the starch etiquette of the Prussian court. One day she put on her bonnet and walked across the street to her father-in-law's, without even a footman behind her, to the inexpressible horror of her *Obuhofmeisterin*, or duenna-in-chief, who exclaimed that no Prussian princess had ever been guilty of such a breach of decorum. 'But mamma does so at Osborne,' returned Vic the Second, 'and if mamma does, why should not I?' Her affability and good-nature have made her generally popular, though she almost raised a rebellion in the kitchen lately by insisting that the female domestics should all wear caps. Now, the German maid-servants are remarkably proud of their hair, and never think of putting on a cap for fear of spoiling their luxuriant tresses. Great was the commotion, therefore, when the Princess issued her orders to that effect, but the little lady was inexorable. 'In mamma's establishment they all wear caps,' she said, 'and so they must in mine.' Since the departure of her mother-in-law, the Princess of Prussia, from Berlin, she has much more of her own way than she used to, the Queen being so entirely taken up with attending to the King that she is not able to interfere with her, and the Prince yielding, like a gallant husband, to all the innocent caprices of his fair young wife."

DEATH WHILE WALTZING.

A young couple of Vienna, married only eleven days, went a few evenings back to the public ball of the Sperl, and took part in a waltz. All at once the young woman slid gently from the arms of her husband, and sank to the floor; he thought she had fainted, but it turned out that she was dead! On a medical examination it appeared that she had died of apoplexy, and that death must have taken place some seconds before she fell.

SPAIN.

THE VIRGIN IN A RAILWAY CAR.

The *Tribune* correspondent says: "Spanish Queen Isabella went the other day from Aranjuez, to honor with her presence the inauguration of the Alicante Railroad. In the same car with her was placed a richly jeweled and bedizened little image of Notre Dame de l'Oubli—in whom, or in which, the Queen puts great faith, having had the same in her bed-room on the occasion of her last accouchement, the happy issue of which was duly attributed to the Holy Virgin—of wood or other material, much ornamented with jewels. In the same train were the directors and managers of the road—Jews, Protestants, and uncatalogued confessors of other or no faith, mere unsavable representatives of soulless corporations. Is it not queer? Can such mixtures fail to end in the generation of explosive, revolutionary gases? A wooden *Notre Dame* steaming away at the rate of thirty miles an hour through the nineteenth century! Can she escape explosion when running so madly off *her* track?

RUSSIA.

THE MOTHER OF SIXTY-NINE CHILDREN.

It is related by Burdock tha the wife of a countryman in the Moscow district had given birth to sixty-nine children at twenty-seven confinements—four times four at one birth, seven times three, and sixteen times twins. In the year 1800 the Vienna newspapers contained the following announcement: "Maria Anna Helen, the wife of a poor linen weaver in Neulerchenfield, twenty years married, bore at eleven confinements thirty-two children—twenty-eight living and four dead; twenty-six were males and six females; all were begotten by one man, and nursed by herself. She had at her last confinement three children, one living and two dead. Her husband was a twin, she herself one of four. Her mother had produced thirty-eight children, and died during a confinement with twins. The greatest number of children ever produced at one birth appears to have been six, all of whom were boys, and all dead. The woman who gave birth to them had been twice married, and had already given birth to forty-four children; during her first marriage, which lasted twenty-two years, she bore twenty-seven boys and three girls; in her second marriage, which lasted but three years, she bore fourteen children—three at the first, five at the second, and six the third confinement."

ITALY.

A MAN MAKING HIS SOUL HIS HEIR.

A singular lawsuit, which has been pending for several years at Ferrara, has just been amicably settled. A nobleman, named Bonaccipli, died some years ago, leaving a will by which he appointed his own soul as universal heir to his estates, representing a value of 5,000,000 of francs. The charitable institutions of Ferrara laid claim to the property, while the brother of the deceased attacked the will on the ground of nullity. After long judicial debates, an arrangement has, at length, been come to, by which the brother abandons his claims in consideration of certain moneys which Cardinal Casoni, the curator of the above establishments, engages to pay to him and to the other relations of the deceased. It appears that this result has been obtained through the interposition of the Pope; in any other country the will would have been declared null and void.

ALGERIA.

A FATAL LION HUNT.

A letter from Philippeville gives the following account of a lion hunt, which ended fatally to the principal actor in it. For some time past the Arabs belonging to a tribe between Stora and St. Charles, saw their flocks every day diminishing from the attacks of a lion of such enormous size and strength that they despaired of being able to destroy it. In that dilemma they applied to a shoemaker, residing in the village of St. Charles, who had acquired a considerable reputation from his skill and courage in hunting savage animals, and he readily consented to accompany a part of the tribe against the lion. A day was fixed, and the shoemaker, after examining the ground, placed himself, with a double barreled gun, in ambush in a hollow tree, where he waited patiently for the approach of the expected prey. A party of the Arabs were stationed at some distance. After waiting some time, the lion made his appearance and advanced toward a flock, which had been purposely driven to graze near the tree. As soon as the animal came near, the shoemaker fired his two barrels, and the lion fell apparently dead. The shoemaker waited for a quarter of an hour, and then, finding that the lion did not move, he went forward, and raised its head with the barrel of his gun. At that moment the dying animal made a last effort, and, lifting up his paw, struck the shoemaker so heavily on the back, that he killed him on the spot. The Arabs, after a time, approached, and found the lion and the man dead side by side.

INDIA.

HORSE-SHOEING IN INDIA.

Russell, the *Times*' correspondent, draws the following picture in a late letter: "Just before my tent at this moment there is a group which could not be met with in any part of the world beyond this. Sukeram, the syce, is superintending the shoeing of a horse. In order to do so he has complicated himself with that animal's hind legs in a fantastic and traditional manner wonderful to behold. He has seated himself on his haunches as only an Oriental can, between the horse's legs, one of which he has pulled over his shoulder so as to present the hoof to the farrier; while his disengaged arm is passed round the other leg of the animal, which 'accepts the situation' as it has been handed down to him for thousands of years. Sukeram is a very grave, handsome fellow, with a white turban on his head, one end of which floats over his shoulders, and a white piece of cotton wrapped round his loins, leaving his brown body and legs to shine in the blazing sun. He looks as intelligent as most Englishmen, but in reality he has no idea, or will not have one, of any earthly duty beyond the care of that horse whose tail he has just fastened to a strap passed round the fetlock. His wife—for he has a faithful attendant in all his marches—whose arms are covered with brass rings from wrist to elbow, and on whose ankles jingling bands of metal make pleasant music as she walks, is mixing up his rice and curry in a bright brass pot, covered in one long fold of cotton, so that only her arms and feet are visible, and on her hip a small imp is perched, obstreperous for his meal; and see, he gets it so delicately and decently that our ladies at home might envy the process, for a fold of the robe is opened, the tawny body disappears inside and is covered by the robe, and only a pair of legs are left visible, which soon by their easy modulations give tokens of the satisfaction of the youthful proprietor with the treatment he is receiving inside. The smith, a brawny fellow in a short pair of drawers and a yellow turban, whose muscles stand out like those of a bronze Hercules, is using the most extraordinary-looking implements of farriery with great skill, but any motion of the horse's heel must inevitably catch him right on the bridge of the nose. A young man, who may be a perpetual outdoor apprentice of the smith, and whose only business seems to be the abstraction of smoke from a huge pipe, is seated on the ground watching the operation. But as watching is an act on the due performance of which every Oriental operation in a great measure depends, it is not left to the apprentice alone—a tame monkey and a parrot take an intense interest in it, and a great tall Sikh, all black eyes and whiskers, mustaches and beard, and shining white teeth, with a real swash-buckler swagger and stride, is coming over to join them. Judging by his turban, he is one of Wale's Horse. Light limbed, sinewy, and active, the air of those fellows makes us appreciate the valor of those Englishmen who crushed the race in battle.

CHINA.

AMERICANS *vs.* ENGLISH IN CHINA.

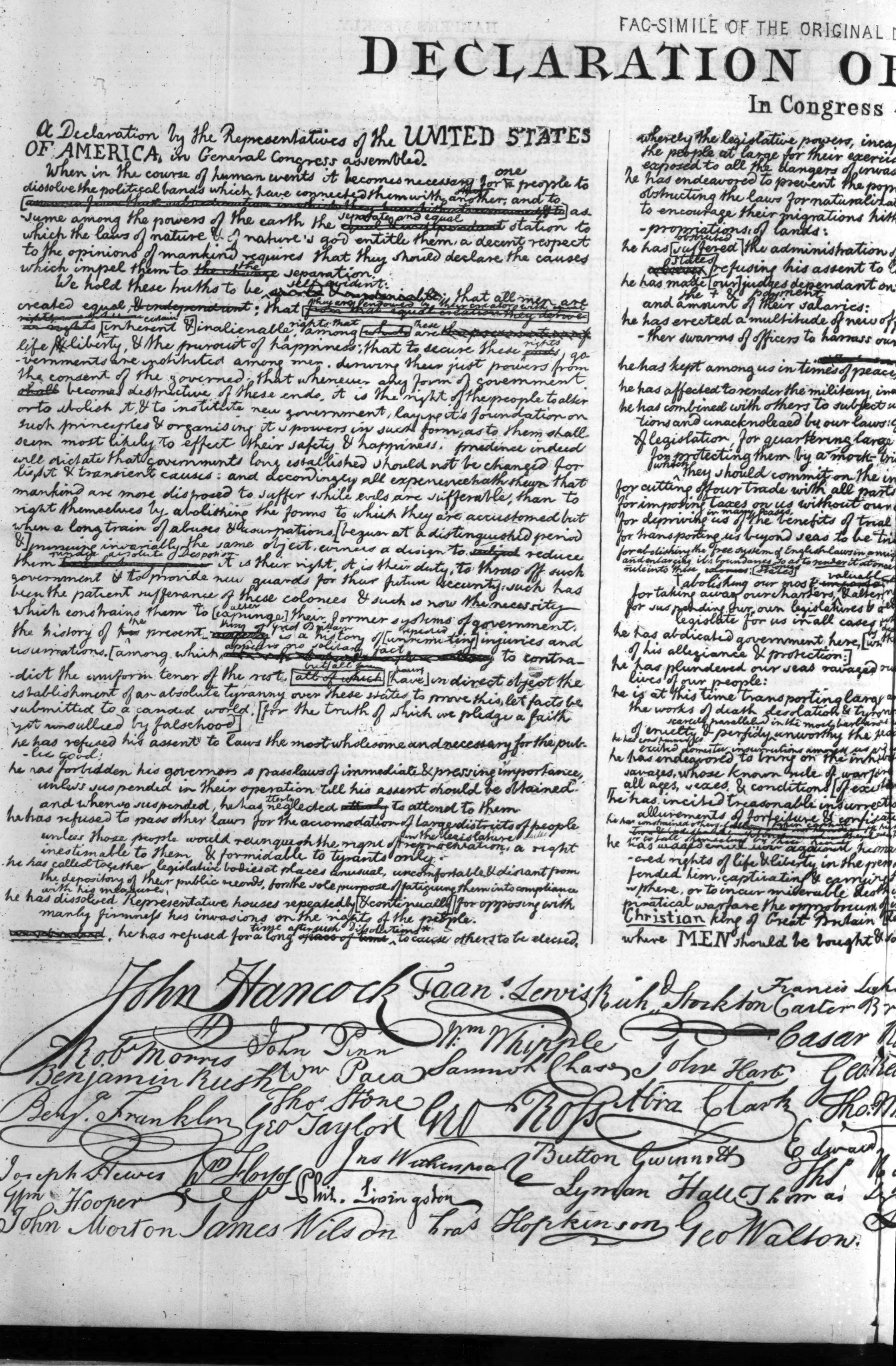
The *Herald* correspondent says: "I will relate an incident which occurred a few weeks since at Hong Kong, the capital of British power in China. While passing by the factory of a wealthy silversmith, curiosity induced me to step in and see how this trade is carried on by the Chinese, but silence and sour looks met my gaze in all directions. Unabashed, however, and judging correctly of the cause, I proclaimed myself to be an American, and the right hand of friendship was extended immediately, with numerous excuses for their ignorance in mistaking me for an Englishman. The workmen left their work, and took great delight in showing me specimens of their manufacture, which were not as rude as we would suppose. The proprietor seemed lost in wonder when I explained how such things were conducted in the United States. When taking my leave of him, well satisfied with his politeness, my attention was attracted by a massive pitcher, the familiar style of which led me to believe that it was not of Chinese manufacture. On a closer examination it proved to be the work of William Webb, the chief artist of Mr. Forbes, the Spring Street silversmith, and the property of an American merchant. Now if such feelings exist among a class who, of all others, should be favorable to wealthy British residents, what must be the feeling of those less dependent and more removed from the fangs of British power?"

MEXICO.

RUPTURE OF DIPLOMATIC INTERCOURSE.

Our dates from the City of Mexico are to the 19th ult. The forced loan caused great excitement at the capital, and foreigners non-complying with its requirements have been ordered to leave the country. The goods of the American residents had been seized for non-compliance with the terms of the loan, and, in consequence, Minister Forsyth had demanded and received his passports. The liberals (or party favoring Juarez) were every where gaining strength, and President Zuloaga was going to Tampico for refuge.

The condition of the country was as wretched as ever, robbery and rapine being the rule every where. Some radical change impends.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL D

DECLARATION OF

In Congress

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for ~~a~~ one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to [~~[illegible]~~] assume among the powers of the earth the ~~equal & independant~~ separate and equal station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to ~~the change~~ the separation.

We hold these truths to be ~~sacred & undeniable~~ self-evident; that all men are created equal, ~~& independant~~; that [~~from that equal creation they derive~~] they are endowed by their creator with ~~equal rights some of which are~~ certain ~~rights~~ [inherent &] inalienable rights; that among [~~which~~] these are ~~the preservation of~~ life & liberty, & the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these ~~ends~~ rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government ~~shall~~ becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles & organising it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light & transient causes: and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed but when a long train of abuses & usurpations [begun at a distinguished period &] pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to ~~subject~~ reduce them ~~[illegible]~~ under absolute Despotism it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government & to provide new guards for their future security. such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; & such is now the necessity which constrains them to [expunge] alter their former systems of government. the history of ~~his~~ the present ~~majesty~~ king of Great Britain is a history of [unremitting] repeated injuries and usurpations, [among which appears no solitary fact ~~[illegible]~~ to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, ~~all of which~~ but all have [have] in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. to prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world. [for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood]

he has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good:

he has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate & pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected ~~utterly~~ to attend to them.

he has refused to pass other laws for the accomodation of large districts of people unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them & formidable to tyrants only:

he has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable & distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures:

he has dissolved Representative houses repeatedly [& continually] for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people:

~~[illegible]~~. he has refused for a long ~~space of time~~ time after such dissolutions* to cause others to be elected,

whereby the legislative powers, incap

the people at large for their exercis

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he has endeavored to prevent the pop

obstructing the laws for naturalizat

to encourage their migrations hith

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~~[illegible]~~ States refusing his assent to

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and enlarging it's boundaries so as to render it at once

rule into these ~~colonies~~; [States] colonies

abolishing our most ~~important~~ valuable

for taking away our charters, & alter

for suspending our own legislatures & d

legislate for us in all cases w

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he has plundered our seas, ravaged ou

lives of our people:

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of cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous unworthy the hea

he has excited domestic insurrections amongst us and

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John Hancock Fran.s Lewis Rich.d Stockton Carter B Francis Ligh

W.m Whipple Caesar R

Rob.t Morris John Penn

Benjamin Rush W.m Paca Samuel Chase John Hart Geo

Benj.a Franklin Tho.s Stone Geo Taylor Geo Ross Abra Clark Tho.s M

Jn.o Witherspoon Button Gwinnett Edward

Joseph Hewes W.m Floyd Phil. Livingston Lyman Hall Thomas

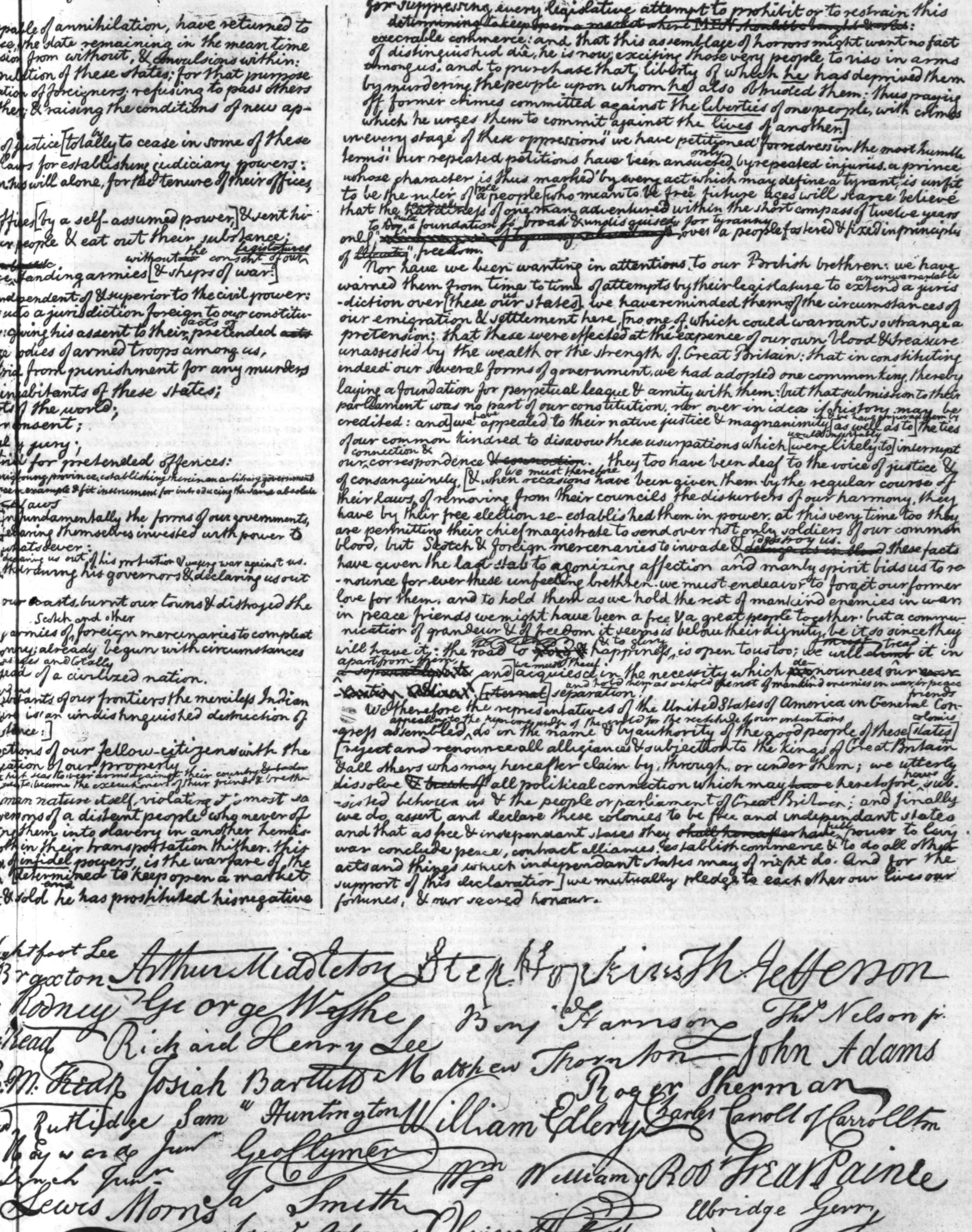
W.m Hooper

John Morton James Wilson Fra.s Hopkinson Geo Walton.

DRAUGHT BY JEFFERSON OF THE

INDEPENDENCE

4th July, 1776.



pable of annihilation, have returned to
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sion from without, & convulsions within:
ulation of these states; for that purpose
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ther; & raising the conditions of new ap-

of justice [by totally to cease in some of these
laws for establishing judiciary powers:
n his will alone, for the tenure of their offices,

ffices [by a self-assumed power,] & sent hi-
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without the consent of our legislatures
~~[illegible]~~ c
ce, standing armies [& ships of war:]
ndependent of & superior to the civil power:
s us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitu-
: giving his assent to their acts of pretended ~~acts~~
e bodies of armed troops among us,
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whatsoever:
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thdrawing his governors & declaring us out
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bitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian
re is an undistinguished destruction of
stence:]
ctions of our fellow-citizens with the
ation of our property
high seas to bear arms against their country & to
me to become the executioners of their friends & brethren
man nature itself, violating it's most sa
ersons of a distant people who never of
ng them into slavery in another hemis-
th in their transportation thither. this
of infidel powers, is the warfare of the
determined to keep open a market
and
& sold he has prostituted his negative

for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this
~~determining to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold~~:
execrable commerce: and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact
of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms
among us, and to purchase that liberty of which *he* has deprived them
by murdering the people upon whom *he* also obtruded them: thus paying
off former crimes committed against the *liberties* of one people, with crimes
which he urges them to commit against the *lives* of another.]
in every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble
terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. a prince
whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit
to be the ruler of a free people [who mean to be free. future ages will scarce believe
that the ~~hardiness~~ of one man, adventured within the short compass of twelve years
only, to build a foundation so broad & undisguised for tyranny ~~[illegible]~~ over a people fostered & fixed in principles
of ~~liberty~~ freedom.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren: we have
warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable a juris-
-diction over [these our states] us. we have reminded them of the circumstances of
our emigration & settlement here [no one of which could warrant so strange a
pretension: that these were effected at the expence of our own blood & treasure
unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting
indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby
laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their
parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea if history may be
credited: and] we have appealed to their native justice & magnanimity [as well as to] & we have conjured them by the ties
of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which [were likely to] would inevitably interrupt
our connection & correspondence ~~& connection~~. they too have been deaf to the voice of justice &
of consanguinity, [& when occasions have been given them by the regular course of we must therefore
their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they
have by their free election re-established them in power. at this very time too they
are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common
blood, but Scotch & foreign mercenaries to invade & destroy us. ~~deluge us in blood~~ these facts
have given the last ~~stab~~ to agonizing affection and manly spirit bids us to re-
-nounce for ever these unfeeling brethren. we must endeavor to forget our former
love for them, and to hold them as we hold the rest of mankind enemies in war,
in peace friends. we might have been a free & a great people together. but a commu-
nication of grandeur & of freedom it seems is below their dignity. be it so since they
will have it: the road to ~~glory &~~ happiness, & to glory is open to us too; we will ~~climb~~ tread it in
apart from them, ~~a separate state~~ and] we must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our ~~ever-~~
~~lasting Adieu!~~ [eternal] separation! and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind enemies in war, in peace friends

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Con-
-gress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions do in the name & by authority of the good people of these [states] colonies
[reject and renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain
& all others who may hereafter claim by, through, or under them; we utterly
dissolve ~~& break off~~ all political connection which may ~~have~~ heretofore have sub-
-sisted between us & the people or parliament of Great Britain; and finally
we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independant states
and that as free & independant states they ~~shall hereafter have~~ have full power to levy
war conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce & to do all other
acts and things which independant states may of right do. And for the
support of this declaration] we mutually pledge to each other our lives our
fortunes, & our sacred honour.

ghtfoot Lee Arthur Middleton Step Hopkins Th Jefferson
Braxton
Rodney George Wythe Benja Harrison Thos Nelson jr.
Read Richard Henry Lee Matthew Thornton John Adams
M: Kean Josiah Bartlett Roger Sherman
Rutledge Saml Huntington William Ellery Charles Carroll of Carrollton
Heyward Junr Geo Clymer
Lynch Junr Wm Williams Robt Treat Paine
Lewis Morris Ja Smith Elbridge Gerry
Saml Adams Oliver Wolcott

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

We have devoted the two preceding pages to a fac-simile of the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson, with the alterations of Adams and Franklin. It is well to place so notable a paper on record. Time is fast obliterating the memorials of the Revolution. At the present time the Declaration (of which our copy is a fac-simile) is barely legible; injuries originally done to it by an unskillful artist in an attempt to "transfer" it have been aggravated by natural decay; a few years hence, in all probability, the copy on the foregoing pages will be the only one in existence.

A few historical memoranda may serve appropriately to introduce the document.

Nearly twelve months had elapsed since the first blood had been shed in the Revolutionary struggle, and yet the colonies were merely in a state of rebellion. No act of theirs had severed the colonial tie, or raised them to an equality, in an international point of view, with their powerful antagonist. Early in 1776, the propriety of cutting themselves aloof altogether from Great Britain had occurred to many leading and daring minds. Patrick Henry, Lee, Adams, and even Franklin, had committed themselves in favor of a political separation from the mother country. Still, the idea was new to the masses. Several influential bodies—the mercantile communities of the chief sea-ports, the Quakers of Philadelphia, the Episcopal clergy, a large section of the Southern planters—were irreconcilably hostile to a severance of the colonial tie. It was, therefore, with caution and diffidence that the advocates of political independence ventured to express their views. Happily, the necessities of the case and the undisguised rigors of the British troops brought conviction to minds previously impervious to reasoning.

In April, 1776, North Carolina, the pioneer in the bold work, reiterated declarations propounded a year before at Mecklenburg, and, by the voice of her Legislature, directed her delegates to the general Congress to "concur with those in the other colonies in declaring independence." Virginia and Rhode Island instructed their delegates to "propose independence." Connecticut and New Hampshire authorized their delegates to assent to a Declaration of Independence. New York and Massachusetts submitted the question to the people, who did not have time to express their sentiment in season. The delegates of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Georgia, South Carolina, and Delaware were left free to act as they pleased in reference to the great question. Maryland alone forbade her delegates to vote for independence.

Thus stood matters when, on 7th June, in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, rose and moved the resolution:

> "That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States, and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved."

So perilous was the business, that Congress resolved to make no mention on the minutes of the names of the mover and of the seconder of the resolution (Mr. Adams). Consideration of the subject was postponed till the next day; and when it came it was referred to a Committee consisting of Messrs. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, John Adams, of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston, of New York. Mr. Lee would have been on the Committee; but having received intelligence of the serious illness of his wife, he was compelled to leave Philadelphia the day before the subject was referred. Jefferson filled his place worthily, and, "having the reputation of a masterly pen," was appointed chairman of the Committee, and intrusted by his colleagues with the duty of preparing a draft of a preamble to Mr. Lee's resolution—namely, a formal Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Adams tells the story of the labors of the Committee:

"The Committee had several meetings, in which were proposed the articles of which the Declaration was to consist, and minutes made of them. The Committee then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to draw them up in form, and clothe them in a proper dress. The sub-Committee met and considered the minutes, making such observations on them as then occurred, when Mr. Jefferson desired me to take them to my lodgings and make the draft. This I declined, and gave several reasons for so doing:

"1. That he was a Virginian and I a Massachuttensian. 2. That he was a Southern man and I a Northern one. 3. That I had been so obnoxious for my early and constant zeal in promoting the measure, that every draft of mine would undergo a more severe scrutiny and criticism in Congress than one of his composition. 4. And lastly, and that would be reason enough if there were no other, I had a great opinion of the elegance of his pen, and none at all of my own. I therefore insisted that no hesitation should be made on his part. He accordingly took the minutes, and in a day or two produced to me his draft."

It is that draft, with the corrections made by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, which we engrave on the preceding pages.

On 1st July this declaration was reported to the House, in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, being in the chair. On this and the two succeeding days each paragraph was debated seriatim, and many alterations made. The reader will find below a copy of the Declaration of Independence, as finally adopted by the Congress. By comparing it with the draft, he may discover the alterations made. They were mostly immaterial. Several redundant phrases of Jefferson's were struck out. Several sentences reflecting on the King in very harsh terms were modified so as to be less severe. Mr. Jefferson's charge that he had "excited treasonable insurrections of our fellow-citizens," and that he had forced slavery and the slave-trade on the colonies, were omitted, as not strictly true in fact. And two or three sentences which savored of declamation were likewise expunged, as beneath the dignity of so grave a document. Thus altered, the Declaration was adopted.

At first it was very doubtful whether it would obtain the unanimous approval of the States. The famous John Dickenson, of Pennsylvania, took the lead in opposing it. Maryland, as above stated, had directed her delegates to oppose it; the votes of Pennsylvania and Delaware were divided. By strenuous exertion and good fortune these obstacles were at length overcome. Dickenson absented himself from the final vote, and the majority of the Pennsylvania delegation were in favor of the Declaration. Two out of the three Delaware delegates voted Aye. Carroll, of Maryland, exerted himself with energy to obtain a reconsideration of the vote of the Legislature of his State, and at length succeeded; so that the delegates, who were unanimous in favor of the measure, were enabled to vote conscientiously. Thus it came about that when, on 4th July, 1776, the vote was taken by States on the adoption of the Declaration, a unanimous vote was given that the Declaration should be adopted.

The following was the form in which this most important of all political documents was finally agreed to. To borrow the language of Jefferson himself, the reader "will judge whether it is the better or the worse for the critics:"

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature, and of nature's God, entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires, that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights: that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments, long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves, by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses, repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in time of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us, without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it, at once, an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us, in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms: Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts, by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by authority, of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things, which Independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

On the day that it was adopted it was signed by John Hancock, the President of Congress, who wrote his name boldly and plainly, in order, as he said, that no doubt should exist as to who he was, in case the Revolutionary struggle failed and the British wanted a victim. No other member of the body signed the draft as it passed. That draft was handed to a clerk (a very incompetent person, as was soon discovered, but Philadelphia contained no one who was fit to take his place) to be engrossed on parchment. It was not till the 2d August following that his task was completed. On that day the engrossed copy was produced in Congress, and the fifty-four delegates present signed it; M'Kean and Thornton, who were absent at the time, affixed their names subsequently. At the foot of the fac-simile of Jefferson's draft, on the preceding pages, we have added a fac-simile of the signatures. They may well be studied.

The scene of the adoption of the Declaration is described in another part of this paper. We shall add nothing here to the above bare recital of facts but the single remark that, considering the age of the colonies, their comparative isolation, the diversity of interests existing between them, and the tendency of intellectual and ambitious men to contend for leadership, there appears to be nothing so remarkable in history as the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the fifty-six colonial delegates. There was less hyperbole than may be supposed in Napoleon's assertion that he saw in the act "the finger of God."

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ECLOGUE.

Amant alterna Camœnæ.—Virg.

CLOVERTOP.

I've thought, my Cousin, it's extremely queer
That you, who love to spend your August here,
Don't bring, at once, your wife and children down,
And quit, for good, the noisy, dusty town.

SHILLINGSIDE.

Ah! simple swain, this sort of life may do
For such a verdant Clovertop as you,
Content to vegetate in summer air,
And hibernate in winter—like a bear!

CLOVERTOP.

Here we have butter pure as virgin gold,
And milk from cows that "can a tail unfold"
With bovine pride; and new-laid eggs, whose praise
Is sung by pullets with their morning lays;
Trout from the brook; good water from the well;
And other blessings more than I can tell!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There, simple rustic, we have nightly plays,
And operatic music—charming ways
Of spending time and money—lots of fun;
The Central Park—whene'er they get it done;
Barnum's Museum, full of things erratic,
Terrene, amphibious, airy, and aquatic!

CLOVERTOP.

Here we have rosy, radiant, romping girls,
With lips of rubies, and with teeth of pearls;
I dare not mention half their witching charms,
But, ah! the roundness of their milky arms!
And oh, what polished shoulders they display,
Bending o'er tubs upon a washing-day!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There we have ladies most superbly made
(By fine *artistes*, who understand their trade),
Who dance the German, flirt a graceful fan,
And speak *such* French as no Parisian can;
Who sing much louder than your country thrushes,
And wear (thank Phalon!) far more brilliant blushes!

CLOVERTOP.

Here, boastful Shilling, we have flowery walks,
Where you may stroll, and hold delightful talks
(No saucy placard frowning as you pass,
"Ten dollars' fine for walking on the grass!");
Dim-lighted groves, where love's delicious words
Are breathed to music of melodious birds.

SHILLINGSIDE.

There, silly Clover, dashing belles we meet,
Sweeping with silken robes the dusty street;
May gaze into their faces as they pass
Beneath the rays of dimly-burning gas,
Or, standing at a crossing when it rains,
May see some pretty ankles for our pains.

CLOVERTOP.

Here you may angle for the speckled trout,
Play him, a while, with gentle hand, about,
Then, like a sportsman, pull the fellow out!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There, too, is fishing quite as good, I ween,
Where careless, gaping gudgeons oft are seen,
Rich as yon pasture, and almost as green!

CLOVERTOP.

Here you may see the meadow's grassy plain,
Ripe, luscious fruits, and shocks of golden grain;
And view, luxuriant in a hundred fields,
The gorgeous wealth that bounteous Nature yields!

SHILLINGSIDE.

There you may see Trade's wondrous strength and pride,
Where merchant-navies throng on every side,
And view, collected in Columbia's mart,
Alike the wealth of Nature and of Art!

CLOVERTOP.

Cease, clamorous cit! I love these quiet nooks,
Where one may sleep, or dawdle over books,
Or, if he wish of gentle love to dream,
May sit and muse by yonder babbling stream—

SHILLINGSIDE.

Dry up your babbling stream! my Clovertop—
You're getting garrulous; it's time to stop.
I love the city, and the city's smoke;
The smell of gas; the dust of coal and coke;
The sound of bells; the tramp of hurrying feet;
The sight of pigs and Paphians in the street;
The jostling crowd; the never-ceasing noise
Of rattling coaches, and vociferous boys;
The cry of "Fire!" and the exciting scene
Of heroes running with their mad "mer-sheen;"
Nay, now I think that I could even stand
The direful din of Barnum's brazen band,
So much I long to see the town again!
Good-by! I'm going by the evening train!
Don't fail to call whene'er you come to town,
We'll do the city, boy, and do it brown!
I've really had a pleasant visit here,
And mean to come again another year.

MY ELOPEMENT;

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN WHO WISHED TO GET MARRIED ON A THOUSAND A YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

I shall not mention my name. You may call me what you like. Augustus, Reginald, Almanzor—any thing will do. What I am going to tell happened many years since; and I should not publish it at all were it not for the fact that I was put to certain little expenses in the affair.

Not only shall I abstain from mentioning my own name, but I shall also carefully avoid giving any, even the slightest, clew to the identity of the young lady, who, by-the-by, must be now a middle-aged lady. This reminds me that I also am not so young as I was: but no matter.

We were talking the other night about getting married on a thousand a year. The most absurd nonsense was uttered. One fellow said you could live without wine; another, that dinner parties were not essential to happiness, and so on; but they'll take precious good care not to get married themselves, for all that. It isn't a question whether a man *can* get married on a thousand a year, for any man with a tongue in his head, and five dollars in his pocket, can persuade some girl or other to have him, and, what's more, can pay the necessary fees. No; the question is whether you can be as happy on a thousand a year, married, as you may sometimes contrive to be with that amount of income when you are single (I say sometimes, for, after all, a thousand a year is not much, and very few fellows who are condemned to live upon it can succeed in making both ends meet).

Well, my answer to the question is this, that if a single man can only just live upon a thousand a year, a married man can't do it at all; that is to say, not if he means to give any thing to his wife and children. Women don't eat much, and, fortunately, don't drink at all; but they wear a lot of clothes, and don't object to jewelry. Then wives have an inveterate, and I suppose invincible, habit of having children, and children want nurses, and boots, and drums, and all sorts of things.

There is one kind of marriage, however, which suits a man of a thousand a year admirably. I mean marriage with a rich heiress. A man with only a thousand a year may safely marry a woman who has ten thousand. This is just what I tried to do, and it wasn't quite so easy as you may imagine, though I was thirty-two at the time, and the girl only sixteen. She was so infernally romantic, you see, and I'm not romantic at all. I can make love and all that sort of thing, and know when to squeeze a woman's hand—and never did so either too soon or too late (except with the one I am going to tell you about, and she wouldn't stand it at any time). But I can't manufacture sentiment very fast, having never been accustomed to the society of school girls; and that's just what spoiled the whole business. Still, I *do* think that if a young girl gets into a post-chaise with you, the least she can do is to behave herself until the end of the journey. I've been thinking about it ever since, and all I regret now is that I didn't make a confounded row about it at the time.

As I said before, I can't mention her name, because I promised I wouldn't, and for other reasons besides. However, her father was a rich manufacturer—say at Lowell; and her mother had been dead and buried long before—say at Greenwood. As for the daughter, I think she was a pretty girl, but I know she was immensely rich. The money that girl had in bank-stock was something enormous, although this was only what she got from her mother. Her father was sure to leave her a lot of money besides; but, of course, I knew there would be a quarrel with the old man after the elopement. However, she could not help having a clear two hundred and fifty thousand, and although it was all settled on herself, we could have lived deuced well on the interest.

As we must call her something (I suppose, Mr. Editor, you would not admit a heroine without any name at all?), we will call her Julia. I first heard of her when I was in Europe from my sister, who was at school with her at Paris, at Madame Favre's, in the Champs Elysées. It was what is called a "finishing" school, and I think it deserved the name, for it turned out some of the most finished coquettes I ever saw. Julia, however, had not yet reached coquettishness. The coquettes were all in the sixth class—that class which contains the "philosophers" in the French collegiate system. Julia was only in the fifth—corresponding to "rhetoric" in the colleges—and had not yet gone beyond sentiment and romance. It must be remembered that she was not more than sixteen.

The course of studies pursued at Madame Favre's—at least in the upper classes—was, in fact, nothing more nor less than a course of love. Was it the course of true love? asks the reader. I am inclined to think it was not, if only from the fact that, as a general rule, it *did* "run smooth." In the fourth class, the little girls of thirteen and fourteen read "Paul and Virginia," or other tales of a comparatively innocent nature; in the fifth, they studied the novels of Richardson and Rousseau; but, in the sixth, they affected to have lived through "such childishness," and thought of nothing but their chances of establishing themselves in large houses, with rich husbands ready to pay the largest bills.

Where the novels came from I don't know—probably they procured them, through the servants, from some circulating library. But I am quite certain they used to read them, and it was chiefly owing to my supposed resemblance to some fellow called Ernest de Waldemar—the hero of one of the books—that Julia (as we have now agreed to call her) ultimately consented to elope with me.

The first time I saw her was at a distribution of prizes in the summer of 18—. I knew she was American by two things. First of all, she had beautiful light-brown hair, such as French girls seldom have; secondly, the priest who gave the prizes away did not kiss her on the forehead. Whenever one of the French girls went up for a prize, Father Some-one-or-other, who presided at the distribution, crowned her with a wreath, gave her a very small book and a very large certificate of good conduct, and then imprinted a cold, chaste kiss on her brow as the young lady bent forward with much meekness to receive it. The Protestant girls, however, did not see the fun, as they expressed it, of being kissed by an ugly old father confessor, and it was quite understood that they were not to receive the customary salute.

My sister, who had no prize to take (our family was never remarkable for brilliant accomplishments) was sitting by my side; and as Julia passed before us, with her little book and her large certificate, she smiled and stopped to receive her congratulations.

As a compatriot, and the brother of one of her fellow-pupils, I took upon myself to congratulate Miss Julia also. She started, blushed, and, after I had gone, told my sister that I was the very image of Ernest de Waldemar.

"And who is this Ernest?" I inquired.

"How foolish you are!" was the reply. "Ernest de Waldemar is her hero. Laure de Marsan and Julia are both in love with him, and, as for Julia, she scarcely ever talks of any thing else."

"And what will she do to me for being like him? Is she very savage?"

"Why, how stupid you must be! She likes you for it. She thinks you are so like him that you must have all his noble qualities."

"Poor girl!" I remarked.

"Not so poor as you imagine," replied my sister, making, almost unconsciously, one of those puns in which some young ladies delight. "How much do you suppose she has a year?"

"I'm sure I can't say."

"Well, I don't know exactly myself, but I know she has hundreds and thousands of dollars in bank-stock."

"If she has only a few thousand dollars, she will not get much a year out of that."

"Well, I'll ask her. I know it's a great deal."

"Do," I replied. "I should very much like to know."

CHAPTER II.

When I saw my sister again she brought me an invitation to a ball which was to take place at Madame Favre's.

"Julia will be so glad if you come," she added.

I had almost forgotten Julia's existence, but now that I was reminded of it, I asked about the small sum of money in bank-stock.

"Small sum, indeed!" exclaimed my sister. "She's two hundred and fifty thousand dollars left her by her mother. Nothing can prevent her having it when she is of age, or before, if she marries with her father's consent."

"Oh, he'll never give his consent," I observed, half to myself.

"Never give his consent! And why not?" asked my sister.

"No, that's not what I meant," I replied. But I omitted to add that I had been thinking of proposing to her myself, and had just imagined the probable answer to any such offer on my part.

Then I went on to reflect that a girl with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was not to be met with every day, and that I should be a flat to miss such a chance. As for proposing to her in a formal manner, that was all nonsense. The father would say she was too young, and then marry her to some one else. I had been served that way once before.

As I knew that my sister would, as a matter of course, disapprove of my plan for carrying off her interesting young school-fellow, I thought it best to keep all my plans to myself. The first thing to do was to make love to Julia; so, at least, it appeared to me, though I discovered when I saw her that she was already as much in love with me as she could possibly be. It was impossible to produce a better impression upon her than she had already received, and it was just possible that this impression might be injured if I conversed with her too much; for, to tell the truth, I never was a good talker. It always appeared to me that love-making was a good deal like fishing. If the young lady is not thoroughly hooked, you must use all your art until you have her fast; but if you are quite sure you have taken her by the gills, pull her ashore at once. At all events, don't begin playing with her, for, after all, you can but catch her, and you *might* break your line.

Therefore, all things considered, I determined not to make love to Miss Julia at all, but to leave all that sort of thing to her own imagination and the good offices of Mademoiselle Laure de Marsan, whom I found a most worthy coadjutor. Laure, as we have seen, had herself been in love with Ernest de Waldemar, but she generously admitted that Julia loved him—that is to say, loved *me*—better than she did: and, like a good, affectionate girl, gave him up—I mean gave me up—to her dear friend and school-fellow. But having done so, she took a most admirable, because disinterested, interest in the progress of our loves. She was forever talking to Julia about me, and aided me in every possible manner in conveying letters to Julia.

When I said I did not make love to Julia, I forgot the letters. But I saw that it was expected I should send a few. In fact, Laure hinted as much, and I, of course, lost no time in complying with the suggestion of so accomplished a confidante. The letters were declared to be very much like those of Ernest de Waldemar; and, as they happened to have been copied literally from certain epistles by the author of the novel in which that estimable hero figures, I have no doubt that this resemblance really existed.

At last I entreated Julia to "fly with me." This was exactly five months after my first interview with her. It was at another school-ball given in honor of the new year. (Since my elopement with Julia, the balls at Madame Favre's have only taken place once a year: and, for some years afterward, it was a rule that at least one teacher should stand up in every quadrille that was danced—a regulation which has considerably interfered with the gayety of the proceedings.)

CHAPTER III.

This was how we arranged it—thanks to the skillful machinations of the romantic, but ingenious, Laure de Marsan!

On a certain day in February, Julia was to start for Italy with her aunt, a New Orleans lady who resided in Paris, and who was in the habit of visiting her niece about once in three months. Julia's father was anxious his daughter should make this journey, but the aunt herself did not seem very desirous that her niece should accompany her. So, at least, I heard from my spies and confidantes; and I believe I was pretty well served by them.

Julia, by my directions, or rather by those of Mademoiselle de Marsan, in which I always acquiesced, expressed her readiness, in the first instance, to accompany her aunt. The school-bills were paid up to March, and every thing was prepared for the young lady's departure. Then, a few days before the time fixed for commencing the journey (which was no joke then, let me tell you), Julia became suddenly afraid of the fatigue—a bad excuse but one which we knew the aunt would willingly accept.

The aunt was stopping at the Hôtel des Princes, in the Rue Richelieu. On the eve of the departure Julia went to her, told her she would prefer not to go to Italy at all, that she would much rather go back to the United States, and that she would write to her father to come and fetch her.

"Well, my love," said the aunt, as she embraced her; "you know you're our spoiled child, and do just as you like, so, as you wish it, you must go back to the United States."

Julia returned that night to the school, and the next morning at seven o'clock met me at the very hôtel which her aunt had left at six. If Madame Favre questioned her coachman, all he could reply was, that he had been told to drive the young lady to the Hôtel des Princes, and that to the Hôtel des Princes he had driven her.

The post-chaise was waiting for me in the court-yard, and at half past seven we had passed the barrier, and were galloping along the high road to Italy.

CHAPTER IV.

Julia cried a little at first, but I persuaded her that it was useless to do so, bringing forward several excellent reasons in support of my argument, and at length she became pacified.

"How is Laure?" I inquired.

"Quite well," said Julia, wiping her eyes. "She sent her love to you."

"Have you her cousin's address at Lyons?"

"Yes; here it is," she replied, giving me at the same time an envelope on which was written the address of one of Laure's cousins, at whose house we were to be received, and where we intended to have our wedding breakfast.

This was the plan of my campaign: We were to go on without stopping as far as Lyons. Traveling day and night it would be impossible to overtake us, even if the alarm were given, which was by no means certain; and once at Lyons, all we had to do was to go to the German church and get married forthwith. Then Julia was to write to her father, and the marriage could afterward be solemnized with his consent. To apply at the consulate for permission to marry a girl of sixteen, with whom every one in the town would know, soon after the arrival of the post-chaise that I had eloped—this, it appeared to me, would be imprudent and something more.

"What will my poor aunt say?" exclaimed Julia, thoughtfully, after we had proceeded for some time in silence.

I made no reply, for I didn't know what her poor aunt was likely to say, not enjoying the honor of that lady's acquaintance.

"And what a hypocrite she will consider me, pretending up to the last moment that I wanted to accompany her, and even writing to take the rooms at the hôtel, and all?"

"What hôtel?" I inquired.

"At Sens, where my aunt and myself meant to stop to-night."

"Oh, that won't matter," I continued. "But where is Sens?"

"Sens? I'm sure I forget. I didn't address the envelope."

"Postillion," I exclaimed, "where is Sens?"

"Sens? You want to know, Sir, where Sens is? It's the last station you'll come to to-night; that is say, if you travel as you're doing now."

"But we don't want to go to Sens."

"I am afraid, then, you're going there very fast, Sir. But here are the horses."

We had now reached the first post-town. I gave the postillion two five-franc pieces for the first stage, and told his successor to lose no time in getting the horses harnessed.

"Some foreign prince carrying off a banker's daughter," said the retiring post-boy, to the one who took his place, at the same time exhibiting the ten francs which he had just received.

"I forgot to ask about Sens," I remarked to Julia; and then, calling out to the postillion, I inquired as to its locality.

"Road to Lyons, Sir," was the answer. "With patience and good horses you'll get there before to-morrow morning."

"I thought your aunt was going to Italy?" I observed to Julia.

"So she is. But may she not go to Italy through Lyons?"

"Well, I shouldn't think so; but I don't know."

"I think you might have ascertained that before," suggested Julia, with a gentle pout.

"Postillion, postillion! which is the way to Italy?" I called.

"This is the way, Sir. All in good time," was the answer. "There's another road, Sir, and then, Sir, you know that every road leads to Rome. But they mostly go through Lyons, Sir."

"Confound it!" I muttered. "And so we shall be passing through the very place where your aunt is. Where did you write to take the rooms?"

"Hôtel de l'Europe."

"We shall know what to avoid, then. A pity you couldn't think where Sens was before. Sens, Sens! As for me, I never heard of it."

"I thought I was under your protection, and that you would take the trouble to ascertain where we were going before you started."

"Well, don't cry, my beloved Julia, or I shall think you no longer love me."

"My presence here is a sufficient proof of my affection. Oh! what a lovely landscape!" she then exclaimed, pointing to a valley with a river running through it, and a few cows grazing about here and there.

"Yes, a very fine landscape," I replied; "but not enough cows."

She looked at me, and stared. The fact was, I was anxious to stop all sentimental twaddle, because it's not my line, and I don't shine in it; and I therefore thought I had better check this outburst about the landscape as soon as possible.

"Does that scene say nothing to your heart?" she continued. "Do you see no poetry in that placid valley—in that calm, rippling stream?"

I now stopped her for another reason, for I began to think she might take me for an unfeeling brute.

"Yes, it's very beautiful," I replied. "Indeed, it reminds me of something I saw at the Diorama, or at the Water-Color Exhibition, in New York—I forget which. But it's very fine, whichever it was."

After this, Julia remained silent for some minutes.

"Do you read much poetry?" she asked, when we had again changed horses.

"Not very much," I answered. "I used to read it at school, and write it out, too, a hundred lines at a time, when I had been doing any thing wrong."

"But I should have thought the study of poetry formed part of your daily life."

"No. In Paris I used to get up as late as I did in New York; and then, what with breakfasting at a *café*, riding in the Bois de Boulogne, calling on a few friends, dining, and then going to the Opera, or one or two balls, I'd enough to do, without reading poetry."

"But surely you like poetry. I always thought you adored it," she continued.

"I should like it very well if it weren't for the rhymes; but, as for adoring it, I only adore you."

The latter remark was made by way of conciliating the fair Julia, who seemed determined that I should like exactly what she liked—a notion which I thought I might as well destroy as soon as possible. Besides, I don't like poetry at all. I'm not very fond of prose; but as for poetry, I can't read a line.

"You, the image of Ernest de Waldemar, not to like poetry! I thought you loved it."

"I only love you," I ventured to observe.

"This is the second time you have paid me that compliment," said Julia, impatiently. "Can not we talk of something else?"

"Well, what shall we talk of? Oh, here we change horses. By-the-by, you must want breakfast. It's eleven o'clock?"

"I could not eat a thing."

"Couldn't you? Well, I feel exceedingly hungry. When do you generally breakfast?"

"At seven; but to-day I am so restless, so agitated, I can not think of such things."

"Well, to tell the truth, I feel rather peckish," said I; and, indeed, I did. "I am accustomed to take my meals regularly; and I think I shall breakfast here."

"And if we are being pursued?"

"Oh, who's to pursue us? After you've been with me three hours in a post-chaise, after running away from school, it is not very likely any one would object to my marrying you; is it now?"

"That may be; but it's not the way to look at it."

"Will you breakfast at the post-house, Sir, or at the hotel?" said the postillion, as he came to the window.

"At the hotel, and the best in the place," was my prompt reply.

"You mean to breakfast?" expostulated Julia, "when you know we may be overtaken at any minute. How could I bear such a scene? The disgrace would kill me."

"But, my dearest love," I replied, "I always breakfast at eleven; and I have been up to-day since five."

"Were we not to hurry to Lyons, and be married there instantly on our arrival? Pray think of me, and of my dreadful position, and do not let us have any needless delay."

The notion of calling breakfast a "needless delay," I think, was rather good. But as Julia began to cry once more, I bought some bread and cheese and a bottle of wine at an inn, and, just before starting, swallowed a large cup of coffee.

I had determined, from the beginning, not to give in to Julia—a good-natured, but, at the same time, a silly, sentimental girl, who wanted her romantic notions knocked out of her head as soon as possible. However, she did not appreciate my firmness and decision of character, but remained sulking in a corner of the carriage during the whole of the next stage.

Postillions are known to be scoundrels; but I think, on this unfortunate journey of mine, I met with the most extortionate, and, at the same time, one of the most impertinent, villains that ever was known. At one of the stations I had given the postillion about twenty-five sous, instead of two or three francs, more than he was entitled to claim from me.

"They are not so loving as they were when they started," said the low brute to one of his companions. "He's actually only given me twenty-five sous."

"Oh," said the other, "what can you expect? some commercial traveler eloping with a ballet-girl."

"There! there!" exclaimed Julia, who heard this last remark. "That's what I meet with through you. Nothing but insults."

"If we only had time to go back," I muttered, "I would break the scoundrel's head."

"Quarreling would not improve the matter," remarked Julia.

"No; but paying the fellows properly might. I shall pay the next by the legal scale, not a farthing more."

However, at the very next station I had a row with the scoundrels. I paid them by the legal scale, and you should have seen their looks. To make it better, there were no horses to be had. An American lady had just passed with three traveling carriages, one for herself and her lady's-maid, another for her other servants, and a third for her lap-dogs.

"My aunt!" whispered Julia, quite pale from fear.

"Well, my love," I replied, almost tired of her nonsense, "she's not running after us, we're running after her; and, as the laws of the road will not allow one post-carriage to pass another, there is no fear of our overtaking her."

"But she stops at Sens."

"Well, Sens is not a village. It appears to be a large town. She puts up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and we can stop and dine at any hotel that happens not to be the Hôtel de l'Europe."

"Dine!" muttered Julia, contemptuously, as she threw herself back in the corner of the carriage.

However, I was not going to remain twenty-four hours without a regular meal for the sake of a romantic young school-girl. Of course I should be able to teach her a little reason after our marriage, but, in the mean while, she was certainly somewhat exacting. Nothing could stop the marriage now, not even her aunt, if her carriage should break down, or any other accident should bring us into collision. After passing Sens we should not even have to fear this. Her aunt was to sleep there. We were only going to stop there an hour to dine—for I was determined to have my dinner—

and the next morning, when the old woman started, we should be eighty or ninety miles ahead.

As Julia seemed seriously grieved, I thought I would try to console her. I began by putting my arm round her waist, or rather by attempting to do so, for she drew herself up quite furiously, and said, with a look of something very like scorn,

"Remember your promise, Sir; and be good enough not to approach me so closely."

I tried to reason with her, but it was no use. Then I became sulky too, but only for a few minutes, after which I amused myself by thinking what I should do with the interest of the bank-stock.

"I shall live on the Hudson, somewhere near Washington Irving's place," I decided. I shall only want three servants besides my own. Oh yes—there's the cook, and we must have a good one, too, for I shall give a dinner-party once a fortnight at least. With economy, we shall have enough for a foreign trip every year. And I don't see why I shouldn't go to Congress too. I can't speak, but, if I could manage to get a lucrative place, I could receive the salary just as well as any one else."

These agreeable reflections were put an end to by the jerk of the carriage, which suddenly stopped before the post-house of Sens.

"Here we are," said I to Julia.

"Here we are," I repeated, as I had received no reply.

"Oh, my heaven! What is to become of me?" sighed Julia, who had been sleeping, and was as yet scarcely awake.

I was determined to put a stop to all this sort of thing, and said, rather abruptly perhaps:

"Have the kindness to get out. And remember we dine here."

She got out without a word, and entered the hotel. It was the Hôtel de France, the Hôtel de l'Europe being, as I had ascertained, at the other end of the town.

Julia's eyes looked hollow, and had large black circles round them. She had evidently been crying much, and was quite exhausted.

I really pitied her, and went toward her to speak to her, when she turned away from me, took up a candlestick, and asked one of the servants to show her a room where she could arrange her toilet.

Soon afterward the servant came down for a pen and ink.

"A pen and ink! what for?" I inquired.

"For madam," she replied.

I thought this rather odd, but ordered the dinner without troubling myself about it.

CHAPTER V.

The soup was getting cold, and still Julia had not returned.

"This shall not take place after we are married," said I to myself, and began eating.

"There you are at last!" I exclaimed, as the door opened.

But, instead of Julia, an old lady entered.

"You are Mr. ——?" she began, mentioning my name.

"Yes, madam."

"I am the aunt of the young lady who accompanied you here in a post-chaise," she continued. "Julia missed me by one hour, and it was very kind of you to offer her a place in your carriage. But, as people might misinterpret the affair, I beg you will never mention it, and I need not assure you we shall be equally discreet on our side."

"Madam, I do not understand you," I answered.

"Read this letter, then," replied she, giving me a letter which Julia had just sent her by one of the waiters.

The letter was as follows:

"My dear Aunt,—I have behaved very shamefully, but you must pardon me. I left my school this morning with a man whom I thought I loved, but, now that I have been a day in his society, I detest him. Pray save me before it is too late. Your heart-broken niece,

"Julia."

I could not say a word—I was thunder-struck.

"You will not mention this," said the aunt, with a bow.

"*I* mention it, madam? I should think not, indeed. A nice fool I should be considered," I reflected.

"Because I have two sons—young men, Southern planters," added the old lady, "and who are very fond of Julia, and I should not like them to hear of it."

"No threats are necessary, madam—I shall not speak of the affair."

"Excuse my having interrupted you," said the old woman; and, with a very polite bow, she left me.

Thus ended my elopement, and my first and only attempt to get married on a thousand a year.

STEPHEN GIRARD, THE MONEY-MAKER.

About the year seventeen hundred and fifty, in the environs of Bordeaux, in France, there lived an old sea-captain, named Pierre Girard, with Madame Larfargue, his wife. They had already four children—no matter whether male or female, for they lived and died in the obscurity in which they were born. But in the year seventeen hundred and fifty, on the twenty-first of May, another child came into the world—a boy, named Stephen Girard.

Up to the age of ten or twelve there is no record of the life and progress of this boy. At that time he was found, with one eye, embarked as a cabin-boy, with no other acquirements than an imperfect knowledge of the elements of reading and writing, on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. His one eye was made the subject of ridicule among his companions, and his temper was thus early soured for life. With this physical deformity, without friends, patronage, or money, he was thrown upon the world.

He did not remain long in the West Indies, but bound himself apprentice to a shipmaster, in whose service he first set foot in the port of New York, about the year seventeen hundred and sixty-four. Morose as Stephen Girard was, he gained the confidence of his employer, and he was made mate of the vessel in which he sailed, and afterward captain when his master left the sea. He voyaged several times successfully to and from New Orleans. In this position he first began to accumulate means, and to trade on his own account, and he soon became part owner of the ship and cargo, which he commanded. A large gap in the minute progress of his history now occurs, but in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine we find him an obscure, plodding, quiet, thrifty trader in Water Street, Philadelphia.

At this period he took a liking to one Mary, or Polly Lum, the daughter of an old ship-caulker, who lived in a water-side house down among the vessels that traded to that city. The girl was plain, but comely, and employed as a domestic servant in a neighboring family. Stephen Girard does not appear to have been looked upon with favor by the parents of the girl, for they forbade him the house for some time. They were eventually married, but the union was not a happy one. She was neglectful of her duty: he was morose and austere. One child was born, which died. At length he applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce, and obtained it.

He still continued to rent the small house in Water Street, to which he had taken his wife when they were married, and he industriously pursued his combined occupations of sea-captain, ship-owner, and merchant. About this time he entered into partnership with one Isaac Hazlehurst, of Philadelphia, and purchased two vessels in which to trade to the island of Saint Domingo. The brigs were captured by British men-of-war and sent to Jamaica: a misfortune which dissolved the short partnership. There is another gap in the story of Stephen Girard, extending from seventeen hundred and seventy-two to seventeen hundred and seventy-six. It is probable that during this time he continued his old business, trading as shipmaster and merchant to New Orleans and Saint Domingo.

The war put an end to the sea enterprises of Stephen Girard, and he was compelled to turn his attention to the land.

He opened a small grocery store in Water Street, joined with a bottling establishment, where he worked hard with his own hands at the occupation of bottling claret and cider. About the year seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, upon the alleged approach of the British to Philadelphia, he purchased a small tract of land from his former partner, Mr. Hazlehurst, on which there was a house, to which he removed his business; employing his time, early and late, in preparing claret and cider for the market, and selling them at a large profit to the American army encamped near his residence. Here he remained until seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, sometimes making a voyage in a boat as a water-peddler to Philadelphia to dispose of his wares. His appearance was not much in his favor. His skin was dark and dingy; his form was short and thick; he was coarse, rough, vulgar, and ungainly; and his one eye glared ominously upon his customers. He met with jeers and taunts from every side, which he bore with great taciturnity and composure. He had but one object in view, which he followed with all the steady energy of an iron will. That object was, to make money.

When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British in seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, Stephen Girard was again found in Water Street, this time occupying a range of frame stores upon the east side. He was no more than twenty-nine years of age, but so plain, grave, and repulsive in appearance, that he was known as "Old Girard." His business could not have been very prosperous at this period, considering the disturbed and depressed state of the country. He was quietly biding his time. His store was well filled with old blocks, sails, pieces of cordage, and other materials useful for ship-building.

In seventeen hundred and eighty Stephen Girard again commenced the New Orleans and Saint Domingo trade. In two years he had progressed so far as to be able to purchase a ten years' lease, with renewal, of a range of brick and frame stores, one of which he occupied himself. The rents were low at the time, and the purchase very advantageous—perhaps the turning-point in his fortunes.

In seventeen hundred and eighty his wife, Mary Girard, from whom he had been divorced, was admitted an insane patient into the Pennsylvania Hospital. Here she remained shut up twenty-five years and one month, while her husband was busily pursuing his one object in the world; at last she died, in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen. On being told of her death, Stephen Girard selected her burial-place, and requested that he should be called as soon as all the arrangements for her funeral were completed. She was buried in the manner of the Friends. Her husband was there, glaring with his one tearless eye, silent and unmoved. After taking one short look at the remains, he departed, saying, "All is well." He returned home, and began to give largely to the local charities and hospitals from this day.

A circumstance occurred at this period which materially aided Stephen Girard in his cherished determination. He was engaged in the West India trade—particularly in the island of Saint Domingo—and at the moment of the well-known outbreak of the slaves he had two vessels lying off the port. The affrighted planters rushed to the docks, and deposited their most valuable treasures in those ships for safety, returning to secure more. They were nearly all, with their families, massacred. Stephen Girard advertised liberally for the owners to the property, but very few claimants ever appeared; and it was transported to Philadelphia, to swell the store and increase the power of the one-eyed capitalist, who commenced the building of those large ships engaged in the trade with China and Calcutta, which were, at that time, the pride of America.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three a fearful pestilence broke out in the City of Philadelphia. The yellow fever left whole streets tenantless; the hearse was the vehicle most frequently seen in the streets; those who wore the badge of mourning on their arms were avoided even by their friends; and the fumes of tobacco and camphor filled every house in the city. While the pestilence was at its height a square, repulsive man boldly entered one of the most crowded hospitals, and bore out in his arms a victim in the last, saffron-colored stage of the disease. For days and weeks this man continued to perform the same terrible office of attending upon the sick and dying, discharging the most painful and dangerous duties of the lowest servant in the place. This repulsive-looking Samaritan was Stephen Girard, with his strong will, his bodily energy, his stout heart, and his one eye. The hard, griping trader was not so selfish, after all. When all the paid attendants, all the visitors of the poor, were either dead, dying, or had fled; when no offers of money would purchase that labor which was required for the reorganization of the pest-house hospital at Bush Hill, two men nobly volunteered for the forlorn task—Stephen Girard and Peter Helm. On the afternoon of the same day on which he offered his services, Stephen Girard, a merchant of growing wealth and influence—a foreigner, with no ties of country between him and the afflicted city—entered upon his dangerous task with all the perseverance and decision of his character. He soon established order and cleanliness; provided accommodations and procured supplies; and for sixty days continued to discharge his duties at the hospital.

In eighteen hundred and twelve, Stephen Girard, the one-eyed cabin-boy of Bordeaux, purchased the banking premises of the old Bank of the United States (whose charter was not renewed), and started the Girard Bank—a large private establishment, which not only conferred advantages upon the community greater than the State institution upon which it was founded, but, while the public credit was shaken, and the Government finances were exhausted by war, the Girard Bank could command large subscriptions of loans, and put itself in the position of the principal creditor of the country. In eighteen hundred and fourteen Girard subscribed the whole of a large Government loan from patriotic motives; and in eighteen hundred and seventeen he contributed, by his unshaken credit and undiminished funds, to bring about the resumption of specie payments. In eighteen hundred and thirty-one his operations were so extensive, that when the country was placed in extreme embarrassment from the scarcity of money, by reason of the balance of trade being against it, he was enabled, by a single transaction with an eminent English firm, to turn the exchanges, and cause specie to flow into the United States.

Stephen Girard began his remarkable trading career with one object, which he steadily kept in view all his long life—the making of money for the power it conferred. He was content, at starting, with the small profits of the retail trader, willing to labor in any capacity to make those profits secure. He practiced the most rigid personal economy; he resisted all the allurements of pleasure; he exacted the last farthing that was due to him; and he paid the last farthing that he owed. He took every advantage which the law allowed him in resisting a claim; he used men just so far as they would accomplish his purpose; he paid his servants no more than the market price; when a faithful cashier died he exhibited the utmost indifference, making no provision for his family, and uttering no sentiment of regret for his loss. He would higgle for a penny with a huckster in the streets; he would deny the watchman at his bank the customary Christmas present of a great-coat. To add to his singular and deficient character, he was deaf in one ear, could only speak broken English, never conversed upon any thing but business, and wore the same old coat, cut in the French style, for five years together. An old, rickety chair, remarkable for its age, and marked with the initials "S. G.," drawn by a faded horse, was used when he rode about the city. He had no sense of hospitality, no friend to share his house or his table. He was deferential, in appearance, to rank and family. Violent and passionate—only to one man, an old and faithful clerk named Robergot. His theological opinions were heterodox in the extreme, and he loved to name his splendid vessels after Voltaire and Rousseau. He was devoted to the improvement of his adopted city and country; he was a determined follower of ostentatious charity. No man ever applied to him for a large public grant in vain, while the starving beggar was invariably sent from his gate. He steadily rose every morning before the lark, and unceasing labor was the daily worship of his life.

Thus he attained his eighty-second year. In eighteen hundred and thirty he had nearly lost the sight of his one eye, and used to be seen groping about his bank, disregarding every offer of assistance. Crossing one of the Philadelphian roads, he was knocked down by a passing wagon; his face was bruised, and his right ear was nearly cut off. His one eye, which before opened slightly, was now entirely closed. He gradually wasted away, and his health declined. On the twenty-sixth of December Stephen Girard expired in a back room on the third floor of his house in Water Street, Philadelphia, leaving the bulk of his large fortune—upward of a million sterling—to found charities, and to benefit the city and the country in which he had acquired it.

He left his monument in the "Girard College"—that marble-roofed palace for the education and protection of the orphan children of the poor, which stands, the most perfect model of architecture in the New World, high above the buildings of Philadelphia, visible from every eminence of the surrounding country. Every detail of the external and internal arrangement of this Orphan College was set forth clearly and carefully in his will; showing that the design upon which he had lavished the mass of his wealth was not the hastily-developed fancy of a few hours or days, but was the heart-cherished, silent project of his whole life.

BROADWAY.

[A fair correspondent, whose name does not begin with P——, sends us the following, from which it is transparent that Tennyson stole his famous ode on the Charge of the Light Brigade. Such acts are a disgrace to the age.—*Ed. H. W.*]

On they go, on they go,
The crowd rushes onward—
All down Broadway they go,
Ladies by hundreds.
"What shall we do?" they said—
The sky is blue o'er head:
All down Broadway they go,
Ladies by hundreds.

Forward, the Hooped Brigade!
Parasols as flags displayed—
Ribbons as pennons too—
Till some one wondered
How they could stand at all—
Silks, and the lace, and all,
Hoops and the Cashmere Shawl,
Many a hundred.

Dandies to right of them,
Dandies to left of them,
Stepped on their dresses' hem,
"Excuse me," blundered.
Gazed at the haughty belle,
Stared at the school-girls well,
As they swept past, pell-mell,
Five or six hundred.

Flashed all their eyes so bright,
Flashed all their diamonds' light,
Flashed all their teeth so white,
As they swept onward.
Ah me! what words are said,
How many a conquest made,
By this fair Hooped Brigade,
Full twenty hundred!

THE GREATEST GOLD NUGGET EVER FOUND.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

"Bay of Islands, New Zealand, *March* 4, 1858.

"I have only recently arrived in this delightful country, and as yet seen but very little of it, but shall explore after a while and shall furnish you with sketches.

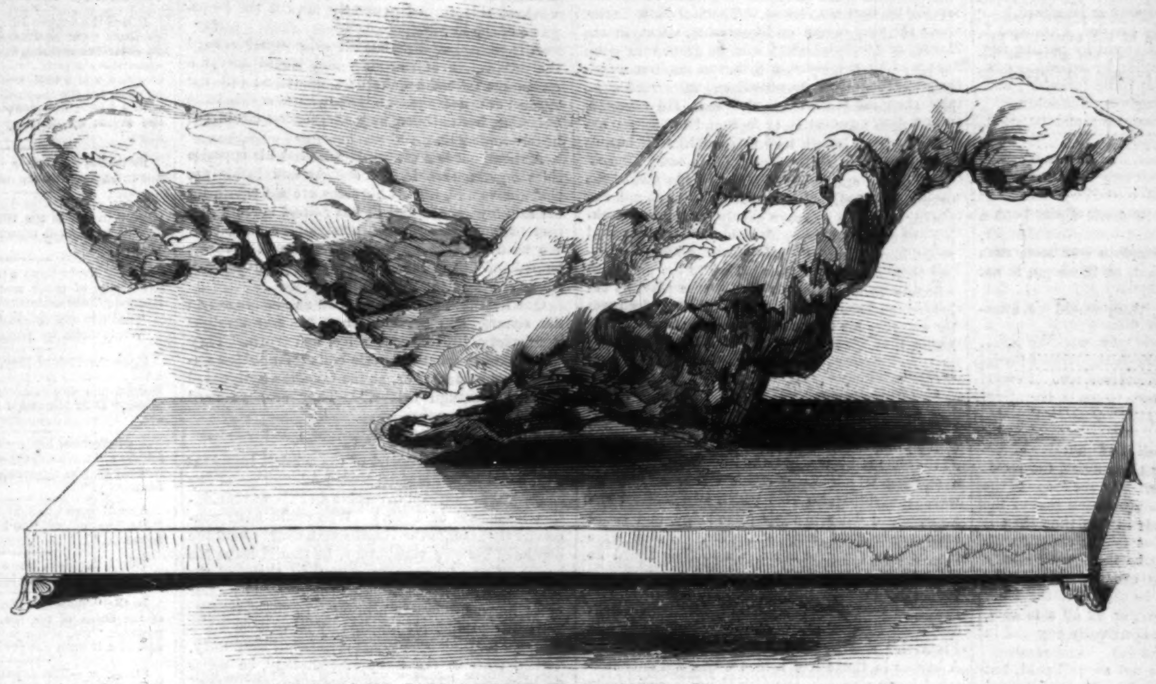
"Before leaving Melbourne, I had the pleasure of seeing the greatest natural curiosity extant, excepting the Great Cave of Kentucky and Niagara Falls. I allude to a nugget of gold weighing a prodigious number of pounds. It throws completely in the shade all productions of California. What is most strange is, that this immense jewel was taken out of an old and abandoned digging. It weighs 146 pounds avoirdupois, 23 carats in quality, and has only about 4 or 5 ounces of waste. The intrinsic value of it is ascertained to be £7100 sterling. £10,000 was offered for it, but there being some objection to the paper offered in part payment, it has not changed the original proprietors' hands. James and Robert Andrews (Englishmen), and Samuel and Charles Napier (Americans), are the names of the happy individuals who found it at the Kingower diggings, about 126 miles from Melbourne. They concealed the treasure from the knowledge of their brother diggers and others at the diggings until it was exhibited in a Bank in Melbourne. The digging of it up and conveyance to Melbourne was managed very adroitly.

"The Sydney papers record a good joke. One of the proprietors laughingly said to a party of ladies viewing it while on exhibition, 'Any lady in the room who will lift the nugget shall have it.' The words were no sooner uttered than one of the ladies took it up, and carried it to the door, walking away with it with all possible speed. She was arrested at the door by the astonished and affrighted owner. Should the lady prosecute or sue for the gem thus so easily and cheaply purchased, a nice point of law would be involved. The matter would probably have turned upon the point of whether the plaintiff was a lady. The accompanying sketch was taken from it as it lay in the exhibition-room in Melbourne. Your Correspondent."

THE BOSTON REGATTA.

The accompanying illustration represents the *Harvard*, the winner of the six-oared-boat race on the Charles River, Boston, on 19th June. We take the following account of the race from the Boston *Journal*:

"The regatta on Charles River was admitted by all to be the best that ever transpired in this city. The day was auspicious, the sun having the extreme kindness to withdraw itself behind the evening clouds just before the time of calling the contesting boats into line. The river presented a very animated appearance, covered as it was by boats of all descriptions, manned by amateurs, or by shoremen bent on getting the best of the sight; while the shore was lined by thousands of people, and the house-tops and sheds upon Beacon and Charles streets, and Braman's Baths, were covered with interested spectators; proving how deeply exhibitions of this kind affect the popular mind. Among other boats very conspicuous were three from the British steamer *Europa*, in one of which we noticed Captain Leach and a number of ladies. They displayed the British and American ensigns, and formed a very pleasant feature of the display. The various boats, as they were distinguished by their uniforms, were hailed with shouts by their



THE LARGEST GOLD NUGGET EVER FOUND.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

partisan friends, and the scene was rendered exceedingly lively by these enthusiastic demonstrations. The first race was for wherries, for a purse of twenty-five dollars. At a few minutes before half past five o'clock a gun was fired from the judges' stand to call the boats to line. But four presented themselves—the fifth which had entered (the *Sword-fish*) having been withdrawn on account of the illness of A. Webster, Jun., the one who was to man her. The boats then placed themselves in the following order: *Boston*, 26 feet, rowed by J. Stevens; *Eastern*, 30 feet, rowed by E. Harrington; *Black-Bird*, 20 feet, rowed by Robert F. Clark; *D. E. Poland*, 28·6 feet, rowed by Thomas Doyle.

"At 5.31 the signal was given to start, and the *Black-Bird* shot ahead of the rest at the first stroke, lapped at first by the *D. E. Poland*, pulled by a man who had won at several races, but soon passed ahead, and maintained the lead around the upper stake and back, winning by several lengths over the *Poland*. The *Black-Bird* came in amidst immense cheering, and Doyle was the first to shake hands with and congratulate his victor, which was witnessed with great satisfaction. The following time was made by the boats:

1. *Black-Bird*	14.54	3. *Boston*	16.33
2. *D. E. Poland*	15.17	4. *Eastern*	16.38

"The time made by the *Black-Bird* is the quickest ever made in our waters.

"The signal was given to call the six-oared boats into line, and seven, of eight that had been entered, presented themselves, the eighth (the *Exile*) having been withdrawn. We give the names of the boats, their length, and the names of their crews in the order which they occupied at the start.

"1. *Harvard*—40 feet. (This boat was decidedly the best model, and was beautifully handled, and the crew well matched.) Their names were as follows: Stroke-oar—B. W. Crowninshield; weight, 156. C. Crowninshield, 154. C. W. Eliot, 138. J. H. Ellison, 144. R. B. Gilston, 144. A. Agassiz, 138—Bow-oar.

"B. W. Crowninshield had been sick, but, notwithstanding this, he gallantly took his position at the oar.

"2. *Bunker Hill*—47 feet 6 inches. Saverty, Shocker, G. Faulkner, G. Lewis, M. Quan. Coxswain, John Reed.

"3. *Fort-Hill Boy*—47 feet 6 inches. J. Murray, C. Shea, M. Driscoll, E. O'Neil, J. Murray, A. Murray.

"4. *Shamrock*—44 feet. J. Wood, J. Bailey, P. Shaughnessy, P. Gallagher, T. O'Herran, G. Faconer.

"5. *Robert Emmet*—43 feet. H. Monahan, J. Monahan, H. M'Kenna, W. Maloy, J. Fitzgerald, W. Morey.

"6. *Stirling*—41 feet 6 inches. H. Sullivan, T. Leary, J. Martin, P. Quin, J. O'Brien, J. Crowley.

"7. *James Buchanan*—46 feet. M. F. Wells, J. Harrington, D. Shea, M. Harrington, T. Quin, M. Quin.

"The excitement at this moment was intense, and at 57 minutes and 25 seconds past five the signal to start was sounded, and every one was on the *qui vive* to detect, from the start, the vantage that might seem to rest with either. The *Harvard* lagged a little at the start, and an enthusiastic youth shouted, 'Twenty-five dollars that the *Harvard* comes in last!' We could not see that it was taken. But nobly the college boys applied themselves. We never saw handsomer rowing; and as they disappeared in the hazy distance there were indications that they would beat, which were verified by those on the outer walls; and as it became an ascertained fact the shouts were tremendous, and shaking of hands and congratulatory words about the success of Old Harvard revealed the intensity of interest felt in the result. At the start, the *James Buchanan*, a very fine boat, came in contact with the *Stirling*, and did not go round. The following time was made by the respective boats:

1. *Harvard*	19.22	4. *Shamrock*	21.50
2. *Fort-Hill Boy*	21.20	5. *Stirling*	22.06
3. *Robert Emmet*	22.21	6. *Bunker Hill*	23.00

The cheers that greeted the winning boat were joined in by those on board the British boats, and even those who had been unsuccessful manifested a generous approbation of their skill. The winning boats then drew up to the judges' stand, where the prizes were delivered by Charles F. Shimmin, Esq., one of the judges, in the following neat speech:

"It is with feelings of more than ordinary pleasure that I present to you the prizes awarded for the Second Beacon Regatta. It should be a subject of congratulation to every thinking man to witness the revival of manly sports among us, and to know that eloquent pens are enlisted in the cause. Every hour upon the water is a deposit in Life's Savings' Bank for prospective use, whose dividends are not affected by times of panic. May the spirit, energy, and skill you have manifested to-day follow you into wider fields of action, and attend you amidst more important issues! Let me, however, counsel you at parting, not to pull through life at your recent pace, or you will arrive at the goal with little heart left to enjoy the prize; a long pull, a steady and strong pull, with a quick recover, with occasional and transient efforts—like that of to-day—demanding the exercise of every vital energy, is, I fancy, the best rule in every thing.

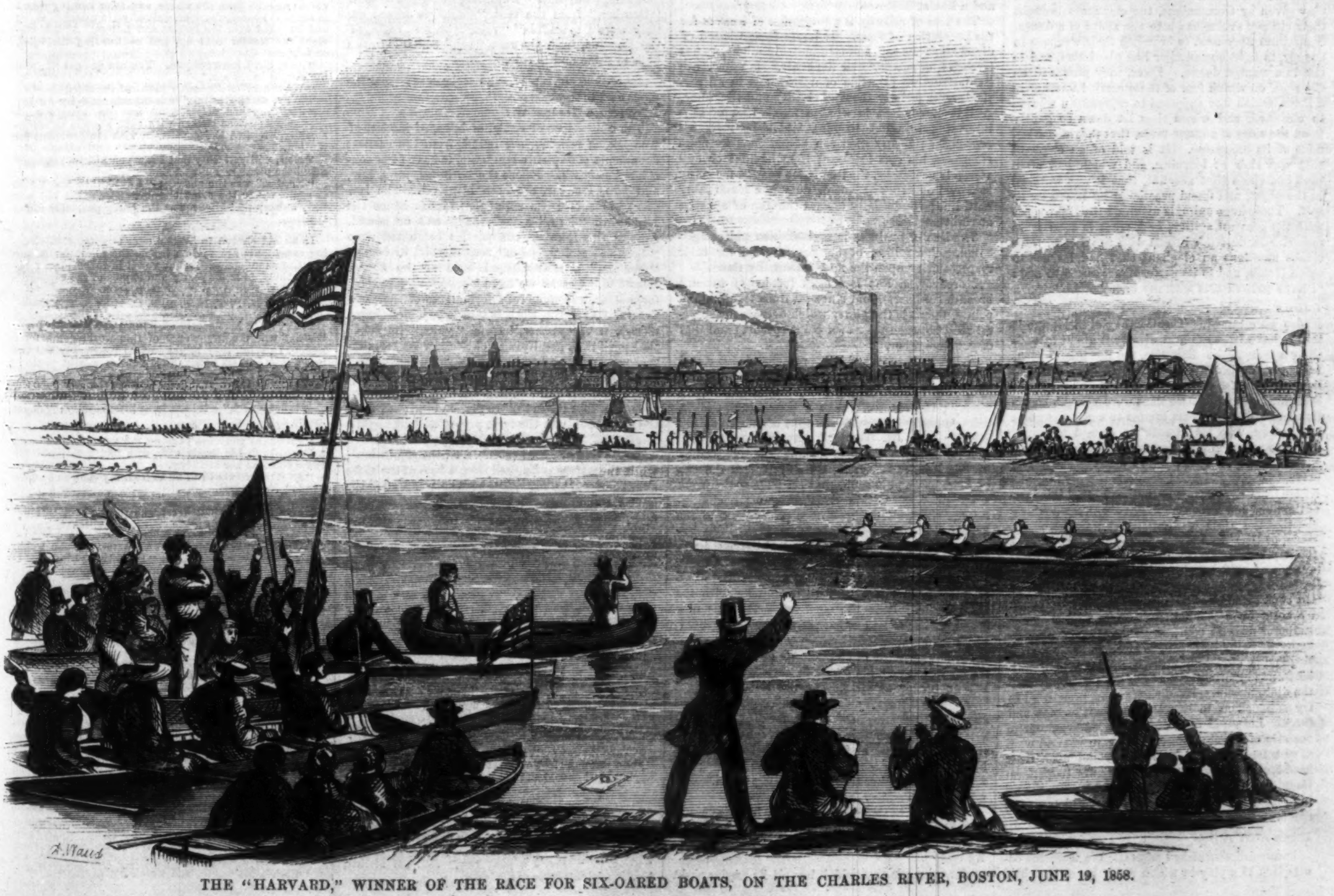
"On behalf of the subscribers to the Beacon Prizes, and of us, the judges, I have to thank the Press, and all who have aided and taken part in this regatta, for their uniform courtesy and cordial co-operation; and we trust that many a coming year may see us, and those to come after us, assembled here to witness and to participate in contests for the Beacon Prizes. Rejoicing with you all that we have given a holiday and pleasure to thousands, and, moreover, that the prizes have been as gallantly lost, as fairly and bravely won, with not a speck upon the fair character of our noble sport, I bid you all heartily farewell. Go on and prosper!"

The prizes were received with a few earnest words of thanks, and then the visitors withdrew. As the *Harvard* passed the British boats, the ladies threw bouquets on board in testimony of their approval; after which Captain Leach ordered his boat rowed to a position where he could intercept the *Harvard* on her return to the Union boat-houses, and gave her three hearty cheers. The day ended cheerfully, and all concerned had reason to be pleased with its favorable termination, without accident and with so many happy circumstances connected with it. The judges were Charles F. Shimmin, Daniel W. Rogers, William C. Otis, Alfred Whitman, Jun., Thomas G. Stevenson, and Robert H. Stevenson.

Miscellany.

Par Value of Musical Notes.

An eminent statistician has just prepared a very elaborate report on the subject of vocalists' salaries, in which he calculates the value of every note they sing, and gives a table showing the cost price to the manager (*roulades* and *fioriture* apart) of the best known phrases in the tenor and soprano parts of the most popular operas of the day. The tenor's salary is put down at $20,000 a year, or in that ratio, and it is supposed that he sings seven times a month, or, on an average, nearly twice a week. He figures, then, in eighty-four representations in the course of the year, and receives nearly $300 for each performance. Now, according to M. Berlioz, who invented this system of computation, a good tenor's part, such as that of Arnold, Elvino, or Manrico, consists, on an average, of some 1000 notes or syllables; but as two or more notes are some-



THE "HARVARD," WINNER OF THE RACE FOR SIX-OARED BOATS, ON THE CHARLES RIVER, BOSTON, JUNE 19, 1858.

times sung to one syllable, the author of the report will take the number of syllables. For each syllable, then, the tenor will receive the sum of twenty-five cents, and at the close of the evening's performance his bill might be made out after the following fashion. We will suppose the Opera to be "La Sonnambula:"

"Still"	$0 25
"So"	0 25
"Gently o'er me"	1 00
"Stealing"	0 50
"Memory will bring back the feeling"	2 00
Total	$4 00

As a fair soprano may be found for $15,000 a year, Amina's notes will come somewhat cheaper, and in fact will not be found to cost more than 18¾ cents apiece. Still that, as times go, is not bad.

The prima donna's bill, then, would be somewhat as follows:

"Do"	$0 18¾
"Not"	0 18¾
"Mingle"	0 37½
"One human"	0 56¼
"Feeling"	0 37½
Total	$1 68¾

If we take into consideration the number of seconds necessary for singing these notes, the result appears still more wonderful. As the *tempo* of the soprano's air is much more rapid than that of the tenor's, she gains her $1 68¾ in less time than it takes him to earn $1 25; but taking one air with another, and allowing for the increased velocity with which the conductors every year take the quick movements, it may be said that the tenor gains at least $150 an hour, or $2 50 a minute, counting the time that he is actually engaged in the emission of sound.

The poor prima donna is not so well paid, but she can, nevertheless, gain her $5 every three minutes very comfortably.

—Punch has this pathetic ditty on

The Love of the Turtle.

Ah! Know ye what is Woman's Love,
That spurns command—that scorns advice?
It, like the martyr's, looks above,
And burns to yield a sacrifice.
The passion of her gentle breast
Seeks but in blessing to be bless'd;
The one great longing of her heart
Is only rapture to impart,
What words that mystery shall reveal?
If a faint image feebly can,
It is as though, could turtles feel,
The Turtle loved the Alderman.
And sighed to constitute the soup
Whereon he might as vulture swoop,
And pined to be cut up for him,
And in his plate to lie, or swim,
Sufficiently repaid, to be
His calipash and calipee.

—The ancient Romans were adepts in

Taming Wild Beasts.

In an astrological poem of the early imperial date, where the constellations which predestine men to their several callings are given, there is found the horoscope of those who "tame the tiger, soften the rage of the lion, converse with elephants, and render these unwieldy masses fit for human arts and duties." In another poem of the fourth century of our era, the horoscope is represented of those who "make bears, bulls, and lions fit for intercourse with men." Pliny relates that "in a play given by Germanicus, the elephants brought their clumsy evolutions into the shape of a dance. Sometimes they used to brandish their weapons in the air, to fight one another like gladiators, and to riot in a wanton dance. Later, they practiced on the rope, on which four of them carried another in a litter, which was supposed to represent a woman in childbed, and whom they let down so gently upon the sofas of a guest-table, that they disturbed none of its occupants. It is told of an elephant that was slow at learning, and which had often been beaten on that account, that it was watched in the night, and found practicing its lesson by itself. These huge animals mounted the tight-ropes with the greatest agility, and, what is even more remarkable, descended them with equal ease. Mucianus mentions an elephant that had learned to write Greek, and to its performances used to add: 'I have written this with my own hand.'"

Lions

also were tamed. The Carthaginian Hanno is said to have been the first who went about attended by a tamed lion. Berenice, the Egyptian queen, had a favorite lion that ate at her table and used to lick her cheeks. Marc Antony rode about Rome in a chariot in which two lions were yoked. Domitian had a lion that was taught to carry the game in hunting, who let himself be chased by hares, and into whose throat one might thrust his hand with impunity. This prodigy was the subject of several poems. Martial counsels the hare to take refuge from the pursuit of the hounds in the jaws of the lion, and asks which was the greatest miracle, that the eagle of Jupiter had not hurt Ganymede, or that the Emperor's lion had not injured the imprisoned hare? This wonderful lion, however, was torn in pieces by another beast that broke out from its cage in the arena; but he had the consolation, as Statius says, of being mourned by both the people and the Senate, and that the Emperor took his loss worse than that of ever so many Egyptian, African, or German beasts. Heliogabalus used sometimes, for a joke, to terrify his guests by bringing his tame lions suddenly into the dining-room. Even tigers were sometimes so far subdued as to lick their keepers' hands and faces. Leopards were easily reduced to submit to the rein of the charioteer. Oxen in general were very tractable; they learned to stand upon their hind-feet, and would allow jongleurs to perform their tricks on their backs, and were even skilled in playing the part of drivers in chariots at full speed.

Dogs and Apes

became distinguished actors. We have the description of a play in which a dog acted the chief part, which was performed with great applause in the presence of the Emperor Vespasian, in the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. The four-footed actor showed the greatest self-possession, when, in the course of the representation, some drink was given to him which purported to be poison, but which was really only a sleeping-draught. "After he had swallowed the draught," says the narrator, "he began to tremble, to reel, and to become unconscious; at length he stretched himself out, as if dying, lay as really dead, and allowed himself to be pulled and dragged about as the plot of the drama required. But as soon as the signal was given, he began to move gently, as though awaking out of a deep sleep, lifted his head, and looked round him; and while the spectators were expressing their admiration, he went up to the person to whom, according to the fiction of the play, he belonged, and showed so much delight and fondness by wagging his tail, as to excite universal astonishment.

Birds

also were trained. The Empress Agrippina, who was a great fancier of birds, had a thrush which could imitate the human voice—the first instance of the kind, according to Pliny. Pliny adds, that at the time of his writing, the imperial princes had a starling which could speak Greek and Latin words; nightingales also which had learned the same, added daily to their knowledge, and could even speak good long sentences. These were taught in a separate room, where they heard no other sound than the voice of the trainer, who was constantly repeating the same words to them, and rewarded their proficiency with some favorite delicacy. A story of a remarkable magpie is told in Plutarch's treatise on the cleverness of animals. A barber in Rome had a bird which not only imitated human speech, but also the noises of beasts and the tones of instruments, all spontaneously. One day a great funeral procession happened to pass the barber's shop, and stopped immediately against it, upon which the accompanying trumpeters blew a long tune on their instruments. From this moment the magpie became dumb, and uttered no cry even to make its wants known. The whole neighborhood became excited, and various surmises were circulated on the occurrence; some said the bird had been robbed of his voice by witchcraft, while the more knowing ascribed the calamity to a sudden deafness produced by the blowing of the trumpets. After a time, however, he recovered his voice, but did not exercise it in his former tricks, but sang the whole trumpet-piece from beginning to end. From this it was evident that his former silence arose from the pains he took to learn the melody.

Fishes in basins used, at the sound of a bell or rattle, to come to the edge to receive food from their owners' hands, a sight very often seen at the mansions of distinguished Romans. It is even maintained that some fishes recognized the names that were given them.

—"To cut a figure in the world" is the ambition of so many, that it has set a morbid mathematician upon the idea of defining some of the

Figures

which men and women are most apt to cut. He says:

A line is length without breadth; for example, a line of railway, a line of conduct, a line of duty, and a line of business.

The line of railway is a projection of knaves for the peculation of fools. It issues from a board of directors at one end, and terminates in mines, manufactories, or sea-ports on the other. It adheres to its destructive principle of narrowness in all particulars, especially those of civility and liberality. A line of conduct is what a man's idea of self-interest points out to him, which he calls his conscience; if any gain can be obtained by nefariousness, his line is clear; if self-denial or any virtue is necessary, the line is too rugged for many to travel on it. The line of duty is a remarkably hard line; it generally crosses the line of appetite at right angles.

The line of business is multifarious and complicated. Most lines of business depend for their respectability upon the money made by them.

Moreover, a line is length (of head) without breadth (of heart), and since all lines terminate in points, talent is the power which detects the shortest road between your own point (pocket) and that of your neighbor.

A figure is of two kinds, respectable, *i. e.*, of $10,000; or low, *i. e.*, of ten cents a year. Figures in life are reckoned by the *ad valorem* estimate in money; the value of a man of poor figure, spoken independently of locality, is that of mock auction jewelry, viz., 0.

A circle is the world, or a plane figure, contained by one line, self-interest, which is called the circumference, and is such, that all lines drawn from a certain point within the figure, to the circumference (*i. e.*, all motives, from the highest to the lowest men), are equal to one another. The important point called the centre of the circle, is, in every instance, Number 1.

An acute angle is the keenest and sharpest of all characters, and has very little affinity with the right angle. It is the most frequent angle now found, owing to its cutting propensity being invaluable for making its way.

An obtuse angle or character is one who can not see on which side his bread is buttered, and if he has no butter at all, he can not tell how to get any. The term, "butter," is equivocal, sometimes standing for flattery, sometimes for money.

An isosceles triangle, or character, has only two sides, equal; that is, it is one which only knows how to get like a horse and spend like an ass; the ratio of labor and extravagance being equal. For example, the sailor.

A scalene triangle, or Irishman, has three unequal sides, so that he can not stand alone, and no government has ever yet discovered which way to fix him.

An oblong is that which has all its angles right angles; as an affectionate father loves all his children; but has not the sides equal, as he has his weakest side turned generally toward the scapegrace of the lot.

A rhombus, or flirt, has all sides equal toward the admiration of the men, and would accept a compliment from a duke or a dustman; but her angles are not *right* angles, whatever Madame Celestine, her milliner, may say, for her conduct is highly improper.

A rhomboid is a coxcomb, who has his opposite sides equal; that is, his outside and inside are ridiculous alike, but all his sides are not equal, for the side toward the girl he has ruined is hard, and that toward himself, or his neighbor's wife, soft. We need not observe that the angles of conduct, honor, and fine feeling, as fashionably understood, are any thing but right angles.

Quadrilateral figures are such as always act on the square, and are contained by four straight lines, piety, justice, generosity, and truth. They correspond to what Aristotle calls "four-sided figures without flaw;" or, as the Oxonian designated them, "thorough bricks." They are, we need hardly add, very rare.

A Philological Marvel.

Who, though possessed of the wildest imagination, could have dreamed that the language of our country was destined to receive a brilliant elucidation from that of India? Who could have conceived that before the Englishman could sound the depths of his own vocabulary, he should leave the banks of the Thames to study on those of the Ganges? His mother-tongue was spoken by a fair race; he was to obtain a profound insight into its powers from a people bronzed by an eastern sun—a people forming a long-lost member of his family, which, without the lamp of philology, he never could have identified. Here are some examples of the close connection between

Sanscrit and English.

Of the domestic animals, the Bull and the Steer (Sansc., "Bŭl," and St'haura; the latter the Lat. Taur-us) were so denominated from their strength, from the root "Bŭla" and "St'haur," to be strong. Hence it is that "St'haura" signifies also "a man," as the strong or brave being; just as the Lat. Vir (a man) is from the Sansc. *Vira*, to be brave, powerful. Our old English ballads have still the phrase "stiff and *stour*," applied to a brave man, resolute, vigorous, and persevering in the fight. Among the "Runners" we have the Ass, the Latin Asinus, from the Sansc. "As," to go; whence also the Indian "Asva," the Persian "Asp," and the Greek "Hippos," a horse. We have but one "thinker," and that is "Man," the Indian "Man-u;" from "Man," to think, to know; the root of the Sansc. Manas, the Latin Mens, "the mind," that which thinks, knows; hence "mon"-eo, I put another in mind of a thing. As the strong, brave, or heroic being, he was "Virā," the Latin "Vir," a term that gave rise to "virtus," bravery, manhood; from the root "vīra," to be powerful. Among the Greeks, "Veera" appeared as "Hēros," and in a very early compound form, "Hērā," as in "Hēracles," or the "Glorious Hero." Then, too, Rulers appeared as "powerful," "potens;" the Sansc. "Pati," powerful, or "a lord;" or as slave-owners or slave-lords; "Dāsa-pati," the "des-potes" of the Greeks, and the "despot" of the English. Or they were "subduers" or "tamers," the Lat. "Dominus," and the Indian "Domina," from the root "dam," to tame: or, they were "splendid;" "raja," the rex, regis, of the Romans, from the root "raj," which signifies both to shine and to rule.

—Still more singular is the derivation of some of the terms used in speaking of the

Marriage Relation.

The obligations of oaths, of laws, of justice, of wedlock, of religion, are found, from the earliest documents of Japhetic language, to have been considered as *bonds*. Hence the Latin *jus, juris*, law, and *juro*, I swear, are both identical. The law (*jur*) binds, and the oath (*jur*) binds. hence the Hindostan "joru," a wife, as joined or bound. Among the Romans, the parties betrothed were "*Sponsus*" and "*Sponsa*" respectively, or *bound*; "Sbanda," a strengthened form of the Sansc. "bandha," just as we have "smikros" (σμικρος) for mikros, and numerous formatives of the same nature. As a wife, she was said to be joined (uxor, uksor), *i. e.*, "yuksor," from "yuks," to yoke; "uksor," thus signifying yoke-fellow—a term erroneously supposed to be derived from *ungo, unxor*, as anointing the door-posts of the house. As the Arian had his *bandhu, i. e.* relation or kinsman, from the root "bandh," to tie, or bind; so, from the same root, was the term propagated among the Hellenes. *Penther* (Bandhar) expressed the man who was tied or allied (al-*lie*), *i. e.*, the son-in-law; while the wife was denoted from a root of the same signification, "*Damar*," "she who was tied;" the Sansc. Dama, a wife (our Dame), as seen in *Dāma*, a tie, cord.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It was hard to catch "Old Jack Jones" in a place too tight for him to slip out. The following occurred last week at Cedartown Court. There had been a heavy frost the night before, and some of the knowing ones prophesied an entire failure of the wheat crop.

"I have got 100 acres," says Old Jack, "that I'll take $100 for."

"Done! I'll give it, and hand you the money in an hour," said Mitchell.

Before the expiration of the hour a negro from the plantation reported the wheat uninjured, and Mitchell advanced, money in hand.

"Thank you," says Jones. "When will you take your wheat away?"

"Take it away? Why, as soon as it's ripe."

"No you don't! You must cut it this week. I want to plow up that field and put it in corn."

When yet was ever found a mother
Would give her booby for another.

"John, spell effects." "F-x." "Right. "Next spell seedy." "C-d." "Right again. Now spell cakes." "K-a-x." "There's a good boy!" said his mother, handing Johnny some of the latter.

A Capital way to Prevent the Smell of Cooking in a House.—Have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper.

It was the custom in Massachusetts, in early times, as we learn from Lewis's *History of Lynn*, for a person to go about the meeting-houses during divine service, and wake the sleepers. "He bore a long wand, on one end of which was a ball, and on the other a fox-tail. When he observed the men asleep, he rapped them on the head with a knob; and roused the slumbering sensibility of the ladies by drawing the brush lightly across their faces."

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.

If you are disquieted at any thing, you should consider with yourself, is the thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquillity?

A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.

Upon the 19th of May, 1790, the memorable dark day, a lady wrote to Dr. Byles, of Boston, as follows: "Dear Doctor, how do you account for this darkness?" He replied, "Dear Madam, I am as much in the dark as you are."

A gentleman, having written a letter, concluded it as follows: "Give Everybody's love to Everybody, so that Nobody may be aggrieved by Anybody being forgotten by Somebody."

A gentleman was asked to give a definition of nonsense. "Sir," he replied, "to bolt a door with a boiled carrot is nonsense."

Why is first love like a potato? Because it *shoots from the eyes*, and becomes less by *paring*.

In the "Talmud" there is a forcible figure descriptive of the depth of the sea. "Step not in there," runs the passage, "for, seven years ago, a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom."

Slander.—The expansive nature of scandal is told by the poet thus:

The flying rumors gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement, too;
On every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew.

An Erudite Mayor.—The Worcester *Chronicle* gives the following as a verbatim copy of a letter from a chief magistrate of a certain corporation: "Dear sur,—On Monday next I am to be made a Mare, and shall be much obliged to you if so be as you will send me down by the Coatch some provisions fetting for the occasion, and I am to ax my brother, the old Mare, and the rest of the Bentch. I am, sur," etc. The above was answered by a wag, into whose hands it fell, as follows: "Sir,—In obedience to your orders, I have sent per coach two bushels of the best oats; and as you are to treat the *old Mare*, have added some bran to make a mash."

When Barney told Bill
He was looking quite ill,
Bill stuck to his habit of impudent joking;
"That's the diff'rence," quoth he,
"Betwixt you and me—
That I'm *looking ill*, and that you are ill-looking."

"Good news, Belhoul," said a wag at Balsora; "the caliph has appointed you governor of all the apes and hogs in the kingdom."

"Prepare, then," replied Belhoul, "to obey my commands."

Curious Fact.—You must go through three *springs* before you get to a leap year.

A Cantab asked a Cambridge clown,
If he could conjugate—knew verb or noun—
Or *etymologize* what a duel meant?
Sure "from do-ill—a life *misspent*."

There was a fellow in a certain neighborhood in Arkansas, who was suspected of sheep-stealing. At last a planter riding through the woods, perceived the suspected individual emerge from the woods, and after looking round to see that no one was near, walked up to a flock of sheep and knocked over the largest and fattest. At this moment the planter rode up, and confronting the thief, exclaimed:

"Now, Sir, I have got you. You can not get off; you are caught in the act."

"What act?" indignantly inquired the thief.

"Why, sheep-stealing," was the prompt reply.

"Sir," you had better mind how you charge a respectable American citizen with such a crime as sheep-stealing," replied the gentleman with the penchant for mutton.

"Now, will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?" asked the planter.

"No, Sir," was the answer; "I did kill it, and I'd do it again under the same circumstances. I'll kill any body's sheep that bites me as I'm going peaceably along the road."

In an old church in Westchester County, the following consonants are written beside the altar, under the Ten Commandments. What vowel is to be placed between them, to make poetry and rhyme of the couplet?

P. R. S. V. R. Y. P. R. F. C. T. M. N.
V. R. K. P. T. H. S. P. R. C. P. T. S. T. N.

"Six feet in his boots?" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax. "What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that a man had six heads in his hat."

When the Princess Helena was born, it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a little sister. "Oh! that is delightful," cried innocent little royalty; "do let me go and tell mamma!"

"I thought you were born on the first of April," said a Benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the twenty-first as her birthday.

"Most people would think so from my choice of a husband!" she replied.

There is a man out West who thinks that "Hon." placed before a man's name stands for *honest*.

A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, answered, "I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

An inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian grave-yard: "Here lies Etella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

T I M E
I T E M
M E T I
E M I T

This word, Time, is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged, and the different transpositions thereof are all at the same time Latin words. These words, in English as well as in Latin, may be read either upward or downward. The English words *time, item, meti*, and *emit* (to send forth), are mentioned above: and of the Latin ones (1) Time, signifies fear thou; (2) Item—likewise; (3) Meti—to be measured; (4) Emit—he buys.

BE ON THE WATCH.

He that a watch will wear this must he do—
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, June* 28, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets fluctuated slightly during the week for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, closing with a good inquiry, chiefly from the home trade, for really desirable lots of Flour, Wheat, Corn, and Oats, at strengthening prices. Rye has been sparingly offered, and it has advanced....Cotton has been moderately dealt in, and it has improved a shade....Pork has been more abundant, and prices have declined, closing with a fair demand at the reduced rates. Other kinds of Provisions have not varied much....There has been a good business transacted in Rio and Java Coffee, Oolong Teas, as well as in Cuba Sugar and Molasses, and Rice, at full quotations....Large purchases, on speculation, of Adamantine Candles, have been reported. Nearly all the manufacturers have suspended work....Hay and Hops have been pretty active and firm....Tobacco has been more sought after at former rates.

The Live Stock Market last Wednesday was very freely supplied with Beeves, which declined considerably in the absence of an active inquiry....Milch Cows were plentier, and in rather better request....Veal Calves were also abundant and depressed....Sheep and Lambs were more freely offered at reduced prices. The demand was moderate....Swine continued dull and heavy, with more sellers than buyers.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 7	@	$ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	6
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	10 00
" " per pound	4	@	8
Live Swine, per pound	4	@	4½
Dressed " "	5	@	6
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Strawberries, per 100 baskets	$1 50	@	$3 50
Strawberries, per basket	2	@	4
Gooseberries, per bushel	1 37	@	1 62
Cherries, per pound	4	@	12
Currants, per pound	3	@	5
Beans, per bushel	1 00	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 25	@	2 75
" new, per barrel	3 75	@	5 00
Onions, new, per barrel	3 50	@	4 50
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	2 00
Beets, new, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	6 00
New Carrots, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	5 00
Cabbage, new, per 100	3 00	@	5 00
Squashes, per barrel	2 50	@	3 50
Watermelons, per 100	25 00	@	30 00
Asparagus, per dozen bunches	1 00	@	1 75
Cauliflowers, per dozen	75	@	1 75
Radishes, per 100 bunches	37	@	50
Green Peas, per bushel	37	@	50
Tomatoes, per box	3 00	@	3 50
Cucumbers, per barrel	5 00	@	7 50
Cucumbers, per 100	2 50	@	3 00
Eggs, per dozen	9	@	13
Chickens, per pair	62½	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound	11	@	14
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 25
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@	2 25

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